Liberty

FEBRUARY 27, 194
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This week ... and every week

This Week's BOOK Supplement–

LIBERTY

The Story of Washington's Great Retreat to Victory–

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THE UNVANQUISHED by HOWARD FAST–

LIBERTY

ERTY

WHAT YOU'LL EAT IN '43 by W. M. KIPLINGER

LIBERTY

PSYCHOLOGY GOES TO WAR by J. C. FURNAS

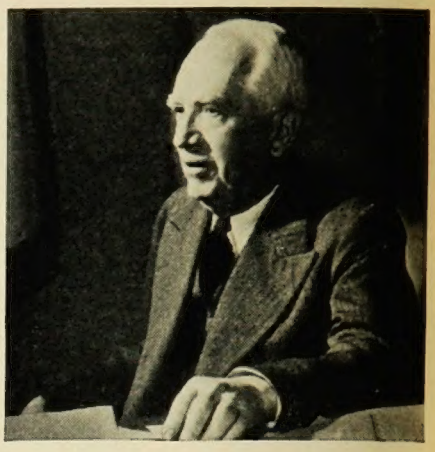
The Chairman Comments on Some Candid Questions About Your Red Cross . . .

At the head of the greatest humanitarian organization that the world has ever seen is Norman Davis, lawyer, industrialist and statesman. Appointed by the President of the United States to meet the tremendous problems of world-wide war relief, he works with quiet energy to raise and spend the millions that the public gives each year.

1. Yes, the sums that we ask of the public *are* large in spite of the fact that 95% of the labor involved is volunteered. But the necessities of world relief and our Congressionally authorized obligations to the Armed Services justify every dollar of expense.

Over forty million dollars spent since last January for services to the Army and Navy, increasing as the armed forces increase, and the war fronts multiply. And the increase is just as rapid in the requirements of Foreign Relief and Home Service.

2. Perhaps it's your fault if you haven't "seen the figures." We publish them as fast as the War Department auditors can give them to us, and if you haven't happened to see them as published, your local Chapter has them for your inspection.



3. No, it's not a complex or top-heavy organization. In Washington, eighteen of us through the Central Committee are the plan board. The Chairman, and five representatives of Government Departments are appointed by The President. The others are elected and Chapters have full representation. The Central Committee creates policies and plans the adoption and operation of which is entirely in the hands of the Chapters. There is every safeguard to keep the Red Cross democratic.

4. All the questions that you can think of about Red Cross get answered very quickly when you're in the work itself. You commence to realize what a tremendous army of good will the Red Cross is and what a big part it is playing in making this poor old world a little better place to live in.

There are many ways for you to help. Your chapter welcomes volunteers.

A Peoples' Partnership

So many of us are in it, all over the country in little towns and big cities.

Business men working shoulder-to-shoulder on Chapter operations.

Housewives taking hours from home in the production rooms. Women who volunteer for Nurse's Aide or Motor Corps or Canteen Work.

And a reserve coming up of millions of school children in the Junior Red Cross.

And that is just the home front. Out over the world stretches the "big business" of administering Red Cross relief. It is still the people's business, made possible with their money, and their good will. A business of warehousing, trucking, car-loading and shipping. Of tons and tons of food and clothing and medical supplies, and of personnel and organization to get it all to where it is needed in time to be of the greatest good.

"Big business" in the best meaning of the term and it is such business and the man power that goes with it that has nearly absorbed the millions that you gave to the Red Cross War Fund a year ago—every penny of it went to the needs of war.

And now another War Fund must be collected. The President of the United States has designated March as the Red Cross month. Your Chapter needs your help.

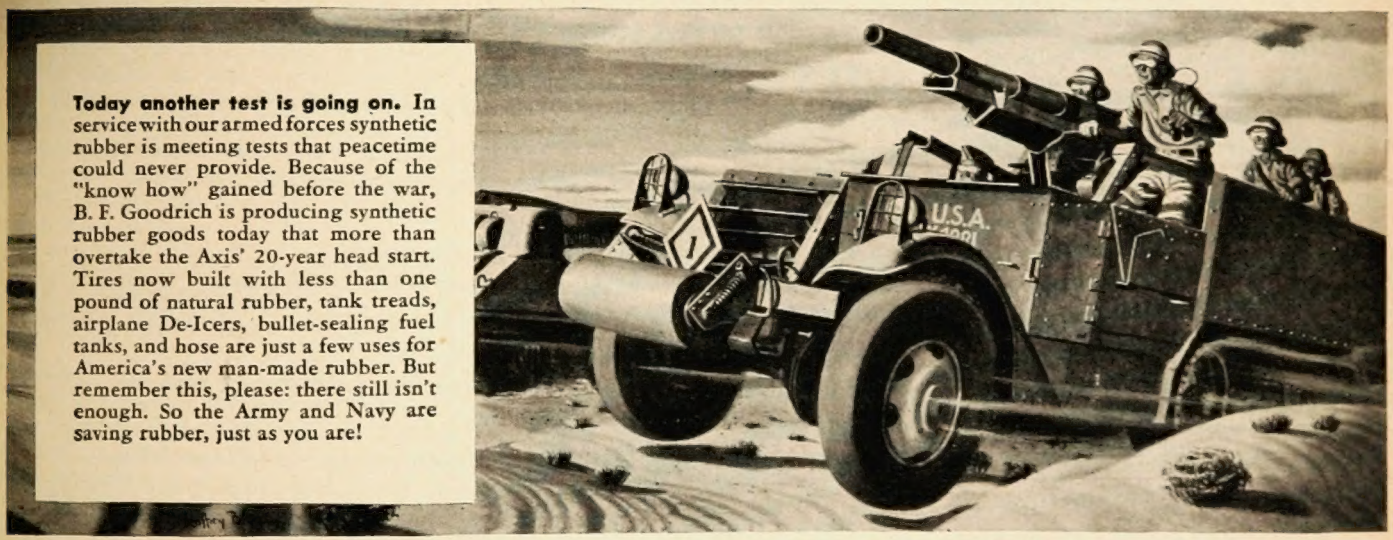
Your Dollars help make possible the

AMERICAN RED CROSS

This space contributed by the Publisher

How dramatic nation-wide tire test launched America's synthetic rubber program

Two years before Pearl Harbor, a lot of far-seeing Americans knew what was going on. For one thing, they knew about synthetic rubber. They felt that America ought to start a real program for making it. So hundreds of them bought B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Tires in which more than half of the rubber was Ameripol, the B. F. Goodrich synthetic. These were the first tires made with synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners. Hundreds of leading companies and private citizens bought them and tested them on all kinds of roads. And these new tires passed the test! The Borden Company was one of many reporting more than 30,000 miles of wear!



Today another test is going on. In service with our armed forces synthetic rubber is meeting tests that peacetime could never provide. Because of the "know how" gained before the war, B. F. Goodrich is producing synthetic rubber goods today that more than overtake the Axis' 20-year head start. Tires now built with less than one pound of natural rubber, tank treads, airplane De-Icers, bullet-sealing fuel tanks, and hose are just a few uses for America's new man-made rubber. But remember this, please: there still isn't enough. So the Army and Navy are saving rubber, just as you are!

After victory, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. That's why you'll want to remember this: Before our country went to war, B. F. Goodrich was the *only* company to offer tires made with synthetic rubber to the general public. Naturally we've more experience building tires with it than anyone else. Naturally, too, we've had more experience testing these tires under actual operating conditions. So we can promise you that our after-the-war tires will be tops in mileage and safety. The name B. F. Goodrich, which has always stood for "First in Rubber," has also taken on the important new meaning of "First in *Synthetic* Rubber."

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

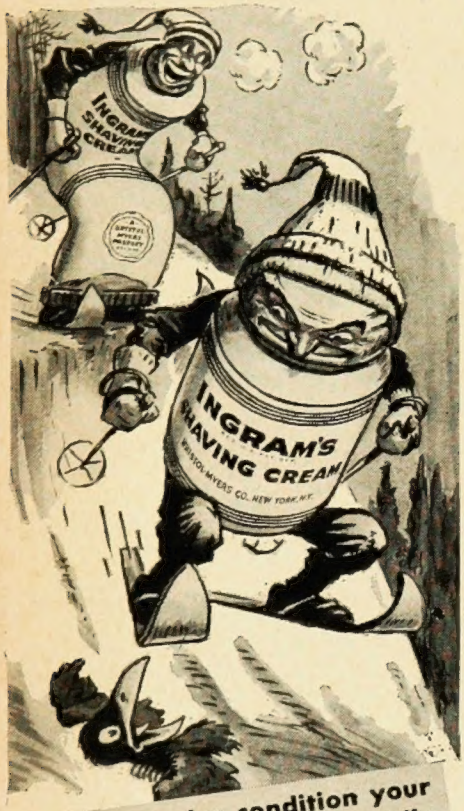
A few of the many companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
J. I. CASE CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

E NAVY

COOL shaves

For a Flying Take-Off!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

WANT shaves cool as a ski jump and as thrilling? Switch to Ingram's, it all but makes shaving a Winter Sport!

A little Ingram's snowballs up into an avalanche of lather that wilts your whiskers at toboggan tempo. Your keen blade breezes through like a skate over hard ice! And all the while, that Ingram's lather helps condition your skin for shaving.

Afterwards, your face looks smooth and refreshed—feels cool a long, long time! Get Ingram's today—in jar or tube.

Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S

shaving cream

In This Week's Liberty

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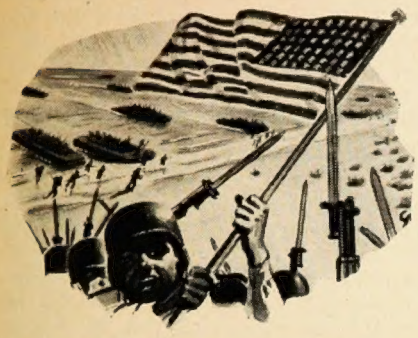
NEXT WEEK

ACTION IN MOROCCO

How it thrilled us, here at home! We had been hungering for action. Bits of news of a lot of Yanks going overseas had hinted that something was cooking. Then F. D. R. told us *powerful American forces were landing in French*



North Africa! Just what that surprise landing was like, we haven't known—but ENSIGN STANLEY H. KOCH, U. S. N., surely has, for he was in command of one of the barges that ferried those Yanks ashore, under fire from batteries and planes and with U-boats attacking the transports. He's telling all about it, and his account will give you that same thrill again.

OUR CONSTITUTION IN A POSTWAR WORLD

Whatever the postwar world may be, it will be a widely different world. Can our American democratic form of government endure in it? The basic question, of course, is whether our Constitution will prove to be adjustable to great changes, or is it, as some say, too rigid—a "musty document" about due for the scrap heap? JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, eminent practical historian and observer, offers a plain, well reasoned answer that will make you, as a good American, feel easier in mind—and will help you squelch the next visionary who prattles that "musty document" notion at you!

FIRST AID—A WASTE OF TIME?

You applied tourniquets to unwilling members of your family. You put splints on imaginary fractures. You learned pressure points and what to do for shock—all so you could do your bit in case of an Axis bombing raid. But there haven't been any bombing raids so far, and if there shouldn't be, were all the time and effort you spent at first-aid classes wasted? You won't think so after you've read the stories GRETTA PALMER tells of first aiders' treatment of victims of civilian accidents. BLITZ OR NO BLITZ will prove to you that there *is* use for first aid.

Third floor back...

IT'S 4 P.M. on a quiet street.

A slip of a girl with a suitcase climbs the brownstone steps and rings the bell.

Her heart is beating fast, but it's not from the weight of the suitcase.

She's wondering what it will be like, in a furnished room, so far from home.

She's hoping she'll make good at her new job.

She's thinking that now she understands a little bit of what Tom felt when he said goodbye and left for camp.

But she's not going back till it's over.

MILLIONS of men and women today are finding themselves in strange surroundings—in situations they couldn't have imagined a few years ago. They are giving up their pleasures and comforts—and often much more—to bring future good to the whole world. And they don't mind—too much—because it will be worth it.

Industry, too, has put aside for the duration its never-ending job of supplying those pleasures and comforts which have helped to make life fuller and better in America than anywhere else in the world. Industry is working today with strange new materials, toward grimmer goals—but working with the *same ingenuity and skill, organization and experience, initiative and resourcefulness*. For these things are as much a part of American industry as they are of Americans.

And because they are, we have not found today's production task, big as it is, too big. Because they are, we shall not find tomorrow's challenge, great as it will be, too great. With new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics, offering hope and fuller opportunity; but with the old American ingenuity and courage and enterprise—we shall face the task of building a better world. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe the story of industry's developments in the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress. 952-455M-211

GENERAL ELECTRIC

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

LAUGHS AT MR. CON

TAMPA, FLA.—I want to laugh a little at the arguments on the "con" side of your question, Should Vengeance Write the Peace? (January 23 Liberty.) The con side puts forward pleas typical of the people who are all for forgiving the Germans. Your Mr. Con asks: "Can you blame the German people for the fact that the democratic world did nothing but protest when Hitler seized the Skoda Works in Czechoslovakia?" A rather pointless question, Mr. Con. I'll ask you a similar one: "Can you blame the burglar's crew because the Police Department did nothing to stop the head burglar's activities?" If the German people approved their Führer's hold-up, Mr. Con, they were not exculpated by the nonfeasance of what you call "the democratic world."

It's amusing to study the mental processes of the "Forgive the Germans" cult. Their argument always seems to be that the Germans do not believe in their Führer any more; that they are

disillusioned. They were all for their Führer as long as they thought he was invincible and would be able to lay the world at their feet.

Mr. Con writes: "Already Germans are learning that much of what they have been told was not true; already they see the promises of quick victories, of speedy re-establishment of German prestige and world power, as a gigantic lie." And so they are repentant. They make me think of Mark Twain's story of a watermelon he stole. After he found that it was not ripe, his conscience hurt him and he decided to make restitution. But his tale had a German ending. He ran after the wagon and put the green melon back, all right, but he succumbed to temptation again, and this time stole the ripe one.—*J. W. Carty.*

THAT PROHIBITION TRAVESTY

HARRISBURG, PA.—Mrs. Oren J. Cobb, (January 23 Vox Pop) wants prohibition.

Why should temperate drinkers suffer merely because a few are either so weak that they must be forcibly deprived of liquor, or so mercenary that they would foist bootleg poison on the public?

One of the many unfortunate phases of war is that it removes from active civic life the young, alert citizens and leaves only the stalemated deadwood. Do you, Mrs. Cobb, propose to repeat the travesty of 1918?—*A Soldier.*

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—She's the kind of woman that peeks in her neighbors' windows to see that they aren't smoking in the privacy of their own homes. —*Antiprohibitionist.*

MOBILE, ALA.—Let me ask Mrs. Cobb: How do you know there are no bootleggers in your county? Certainly they are not going to come right out and say they are bootleggers. Or have you by any chance been looking for one? Naughty, naughty!—*Mrs. G. I. D.*

SCOFFS AT "THE DURATION"

ELKO, NEV.—Instead of "for the duration" let's say "till victory." "For the duration" had already become hackneyed in England prior to Pearl Harbor. It seems to me better to think steadfastly of our certain victory instead of mentioning so monotonously the period of the conflict. Victory is the goal, duration the period of trial. "For the duration" seems to me too much like "ad infinitum," and faintly pessimistic. —*Sylvia Upwall.*

INSPECT UNION BOOKS

FERGUS FALLS, MINN.—Unions should be regarded by our states and Washington as any other corporation. Their books should be inspected by the government and open to the members, their

officers' salaries should be set by the states in which they operate and low enough so that grafters would not be enticed into the game.

The government is dictating to every business, but seems to be afraid of losing union votes.

Have we got men or puppets in our Legislature?—*H. G. Van Meter.*

BURNING QUESTION DECIDED

BATTLE CREEK, IA.—There is a difference between sideburns and burnsides. Rudolph Valentino wore sideburns, remember? They come down in front of the ears, while burnsides cover the entire side of the face and are quite long.

The "lounge lizards" and "cake eaters" of a few years back wore sideburns, too.—*Lora E. Williamson.*

SHORT SHORT AWARDS

The following authors received bonuses for Short Short stories considered the best in 1942 by Liberty's editors. Each award is over and above the purchase price. First Prize: A MATTER OF MORALE, Jim Kjelgaard, Oct. 24; Second Prize: REPRISAL, Allan Vaughan Elston, Aug. 8; Third Prizes: THE RESTORATION OF 10B, Stanley Vickers, Oct. 31; ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS, Walter C. Brown, Feb. 7; WITHOUT MERCY, I. A. R. Wylie, April 18; VIKING FUNERAL, Francis Chase, Jr., July 11; CONTRIBUTION TO THE RED CROSS, Frank Pierce, July 25. Honorable Mention: POLONAISE, Elick Moll, Nov. 7; FORGET YOUR HEROES, Hugh Pentecost, Aug. 29; HOW LONG IS A SECOND? Paul Ernst, Sept. 5; A MAN OF PEACE, Wellington Koo, Jr., July 18; JIMMY MITTENS, Newling B. Wildes, May 9; UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE, Mindret Lord, Jan. 31; STOP THIEF! Lucian Cary, June 27.

OVERSEAS PEP TALK

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I agree with Mrs. Lisbeth Watts (October 24 Vox Pop). There are defense workers who grunt and groan if they are asked to work a little overtime. If those fellows would only stop to think that the little

overtime they are putting in might turn out equipment which we need badly out here, and that lives can be saved by getting it to us faster, I don't believe they would complain.

Come on, America, wake up! Let's show 'em how it's done. Three cheers for Mrs. Watts.—*James R. Wright.*

NO CONVICTS FOR army

WOODLAND, ALA.—Tell Frederick G. Frost (December 26 Vox Pop) that the army needs men—not convicts who have no regard for justice. Men who are conscientious about the task before

them and willing to fight for and win a peace that we can be proud of. A crowd of convicts are in about the same class as the leaders against whom we are fighting. I would not be proud of any achievement that a convict might accomplish. Let them stay where they are.—*M. M. Yates.*

RATION VITAMINS

PINEY FLATS, TENN.—I think the vitamin question should be simplified. I have observed that vitamins are being discovered or invented faster than people can learn how and when to eat 'em. We now have on our hands vitamins A, B, C, and D, with plus and minus.

This problem of eating properly may get so complicated that a person will have to know algebra or go hungry half the time. Imagine the many people who quit quadratics in a quandary who will be thrown into a deeper quandary unless they brush up on math. Uneducated people will go hungry in spite of the wicked world and high water.

While I am bothered a bit with the major problem of getting food rather than the science of eating it, I know many people who partake of an abundance of food in general, then permit themselves to worry up a case of indigestion for fear a certain vitamin was not on the platter. As for myself, I feel confident that, if given a little food, Mother Nature and I can thresh out the vitamin question to perfection. I am not a nutritional expert, but I make this prophecy without fear: The time will never come when a healthy human being will lay aside a chicken leg and rush to a medicine cabinet for a vitamin pill.—*Sam Hughes.*

PAT ON THE BACK

FERNDALE, MICH.—Gee! Thanks for printing We Take to the Woods. I have been wanting to read the book after reading the nice reviews about it.

Incidentally, I think your "new" Liberty is swell.—*Mrs. W. A. Tunison.*

NO PEACE TALK NOW

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.—William Jennings Bryan, our Secretary of State, talked peace during the last war, and did much to stimulate the Kaiser.

For the present at least, our attention should not in any way be diverted from the obligation which we have to the boys who are fighting the war. China and Russia are sorely in need of more war supplies. Every additional installment of tanks and war equipment that we can rush to them and to MacArthur and Eisenhower will save a certain definite number of our boys.

The task of co-operating with the men at the front is large enough to fully engage our greatest minds. The determination of peace issues after the war will be more in the nature of a world revolution itself. It certainly is not wise to mix this revolution with the present war.—*Fred D. Fletcher.*

$18.75 buys JUST SO MANY bullets

BUT SUPPOSE HE NEEDS *MORE?*

What's he going to do : : : *Give up?* NEVER . . . *Die?* MAYBE.

Because YOU held back about buying another War Savings Bond?

The tough, fresh, brave young men in our Army, from boyhood practice with BB's and 22's, are the best marksmen in the world.

But it's no good any soldier being brave, if he hasn't got *bullets.*

It costs *money* to get material to our boys . : : get it fast enough and far enough . . . to keep them fed, clothed, and SHOOTING!

It takes money for bullets, guns and medicines, for tanks, planes and ships. To win, we've not only got to put our men and plants to work for this war. We've got to put our *money* to work, too.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

**Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.

Watch the Constellation for heavy postwar service with commercial air lines. The triple-tail transport can handle 55 passengers.

ON THE BEAM
BY WAYNE PARRISH

Cigar on Stilts

In the land-based plane field, a new entrant, the Lockheed Constellation, can rightfully claim the title of "largest, fastest, and most powerful." It made its first test flight only a few weeks ago. The Constellation, a long-range commercial passenger plane, can carry fifty-five passengers across the continent in nine or ten hours, but it's going into war duty with the army. (Both TWA and Pan American Airways had orders for forty each before the war.)

Powered with four 2,000-horsepower Wright engines, the Constellation will cruise at 100 miles an hour faster than the standard transport plane now in service. Not only will it shrink the United States by six hours from coast to coast, but it will bring Rio and Buenos Aires within twenty-four hours of this country, and England only ten or twelve hours away. Equipped with a supercharged cabin, it can fly easily at 20,000 feet, or as high as 35,000 feet if necessary, without passenger discomfort.

On the ground it looks like a cigar on stilts, but it's not as high as it seems — eighteen feet and eight inches to be exact, less than some of its smaller sister ships. You'll be able to spot it in the skies by its unique triple tail—an addition to the famous twin tail which identifies Lockheed airplanes. It has dual brakes on dual wheels, and passageways in the wings permit the engineer to reach all four engines in flight. There are many new engineering features in the Constellation.

You probably won't want one as a family buggy, for it requires a crew of nine, and the gas consumption amounts to a gallon a mile.

Automatic Fireman

Almost as many lives have been lost from fire following plane crashes as from the crashes themselves. If a pilot is uninjured when a crash is inevitable, he can usually prevent fire by shutting off his engine; but should he be disabled, he cannot act quickly.

Walter Kidde & Co. has developed an impact switch which automatically discharges liquid carbon dioxide into the engine compartment when a combat plane crashes. The switch contains a trigger device which can be set to go off under a force greater than any encountered during the sharp dives and twists of aerial dogfighting or rough landings on bumpy fields.

This device will save not only lives but also costly instruments and planes which otherwise would be destroyed.

City Within a City

Aircraft plants in this war are so huge that they are almost whole communities within themselves. For example, the Glenn L. Martin plant has the largest PBX telephone system in the Baltimore area, manned by nineteen operators and handling about 50,000 calls daily. The system has 10,000,000 feet of wire, enough to stretch two thirds of the way across the continent.

The plant has thirteen separate hospital units, directed by a medical director, seven other surgeons, and about forty specially trained nurses and a number of assistant first-aid attendants. In addition to the in-plant hospitals there are fifteen traveling hospital units.

The company's own transportation system, ranging from ten-ton trailers to station wagons, traveled more than 1,000,000 miles in 1942, enough to stretch around the world forty times. Most plants operate nursery schools for the children of women employees, while in-plant food establishments are large enough to serve whole cities.

Maintenance Blues

In the African campaign sand reduces the operating life of some airplane parts to 50 hours from 500, which means that about ten times as much work is involved in maintenance. Heat of more than 100 degrees in the shade (if there's any shade) makes metal parts too hot to touch by day. At night the raw cold and heavy dew of the desert destroy fabric, rubber, and wood, and rust metal.

Bigger than the whole United States, the Sahara Desert is shunned by planes and men, thus lengthening air routes because of the detours. Pebbles damage propellers and other plane parts and every take-off creates a miniature sandstorm which blasts near-by machines with quantities of abrasive. A grounded plane and crew in the desert must get aid within hours, or else. Food left uncovered for an instant is coated with insects.

But there's still another hazard. The natives "who materialize from nowhere and as quickly disappear," to quote one report, carry away supplies and parts in the folds of their voluminous attire so the harassed engineers have had to devise satisfactory burglar alarms. It's not like Iowa over there!

Battle of Production

The United States is the only country in the world that understands mass industrial production. While there is no such thing as "mass production" of airplanes, because of the constant changes in design and the fantastically large number of parts, we have found many short cuts in production procedures as a result of industrial development in other fields. This is especially true in building aircraft engines.

In every other country there is a machine for each small operation in plane construction, and one man (or woman) to operate each machine. It's actually handwork from start to finish. But in the United States one

man may operate a number of machines at once, or operate larger machines which combine the operations formerly performed by a score of individual machines.

Back of every battle is the production line, hence the *basis* for winning the war has already been established because our airplane production is "going to town." Air superiority over the Axis is merely a matter of time by simple mathematical figuring, for we have been shooting the Axis out of the European and African skies at a ratio of two to one, and in the Pacific by four to one. Some in high A. A. F. quarters believe we are closer to real air superiority than is generally realized, although as long as Axis planes are in the air they represent a menace. But we have hurdled the production barrier, and that is the important first step, for the Axis can't ever catch up now.

Flying Trucks

One of the most spectacular air-transport exploits of the war has now been revealed by the British—another of the "now it can be told" stories. When the British Eighth Army broke through Rommel's defenses in western Egypt, a group of American-built Lockheed-Hudson transports "lifted" an entire fighter force, including stores, tents, ground personnel, and motorcycles, and set it down on a landing ground well inside the enemy territory. From this desert hide-out the British fighters were able to attack enemy transport columns far in advance of Rommel's rear guard.

What interested American observers was the feat of transporting ammunition, gasoline, rations, and water —the complete essentials needed for a ground force. It's the outstanding air-transportation job done in the war to date by either Allied or Axis forces.

Odds and Ends

As first step in bringing Latin-American air travel within the means of the "average man," Pan American Airways is instituting a 10-per-cent passenger-fare reduction in Central and South America on March 15. It will now cost $130 instead of $160 from Miami to the Canal Zone, and $495 instead of $550 from Miami to Buenos Aires.

If 100,000 aircraft workers lose only three minutes of work each in one day, that's 300,000 minutes or 5,000 man hours, and that's worth a lot of airplanes. That's how absentees help the Axis.

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CONVOY WEATHER

It will give no comfort to the enemy—but lots to you—to read this story of a certain Cloudy Day

BY BLAINE and DUPONT MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

LIEUTENANT WARREN DAY stood watching the props of the big Navy PBY turn over, tongues of yellow flame darting snakelike from the exhaust manifolds. As the engines warmed to life, their throbbing roar echoed back from the bleak Iceland hills. The short darkness of Arctic summer was turning into the pale light of another day. The sixth day of seven which had been allotted him for his mission.

Frowning, the naval aviator kicked his heavy flying boots against the sharp rocks which lined the seaplane ramp. He was deeply troubled. As far as he could see, he had accomplished nothing. He turned to Rick Ames, his second pilot. "Today is going to be it!" His voice, he realized, was more confident than he really felt. He added candidly, "It had better be, because not even the ducks will be flying tomorrow!"

Rick pointed to the low-hanging clouds which frosted the top of the hills. "I'm not thinking about tomorrow—how about today's ducks?"

After many months of duty in Iceland, the senior pilot, who was also an aerologist, knew only too well the vagaries of the weather in the North Atlantic. But when he drew his map every midnight he made his analysis, and he was willing to stand or fall upon it. He told his co-pilot, "It'll be a bit soupy taking off, but will open up as we approach the Greenland coast. We'll search farther to the north today." That was an easy decision, for there was nothing else to do. Already they had searched far to the south, with no results. But they *must* get results!

More than he had ever wanted anything, Day wanted this flight to succeed. It was a hope as strong as prayer in his young heart.

The navy has an unerring talent for nicknames. It was inevitable, being an aerologist with the surname of Day, that he should be dubbed according to some atmospheric phenomenon. Since Pensacola his flying mates had called him Cloudy. He was six feet tall and filled his flying greens very nicely indeed. The flyers in Patrol Squadron 133 liked him. They listened to his forecasts with interest and respect. After more than a year in Iceland they'd become aware that he'd fly in any weather he dished out to them.

Cloudy Day had faith in aerology. When people said, "You can't do anything about the weather," it made him seethe. He knew better. You could interpret the weather. You could anticipate it. You could twist it to your own ends—and so could your enemies.

As the usual gale howled and screamed about the Nissen hut which served both as office and quarters for himself and Rick Ames, Cloudy bent over a large assortment of maps and graphs. His brow was creased, his eyes bright with excitement. Above his head, propped against a barograph, was a gray envelope, delicate and feminine. The return address was to Lucinda Carver, and the cancellation stamp read Allendale, Maryland—Cloudy's home town. He hadn't heard from Lucinda in weeks, but first things came first. Even though she was the darling of his heart, he wasn't going to read her letter until his job was done. Men's lives, ships, and planes depended on the way he read this riddle of the skies.

Presently he straightened up from the map before him, his mouth taut and grim. The Nazis knew the value of utilizing the weather! The picture wasn't clear, it wasn't complete; but to his trained eyes the maze of curves, the dizzy whorls, the flying arrows on the map before him, together with the statistics he'd patiently gathered, all screamed a warning. There was a new threat against the gray convoys moving eastward along the life line to England and Russia.

The picture wasn't complete yet. There was a piece he still had to have to fit into the puzzle, but he felt sure of the ultimate answer. German weather men were operating somewhere in this northern region. Rage filled him with a powerful urge to hunt out their station, to destroy it.

Excited by the results of his research, he gathered up his papers, pulled on his parka, and went over to the hut of Lieutenant Commander Duncan MacKintry. The commanding officer was always ready to listen, but it was not always easy to sell him a bill of goods. Now he asked, "What makes you think the Heinies have a weather station in Greenland?"

Cloudy spread before him his weather maps for days past. "First of all, I couldn't draw these if I didn't get our own reports from Greenland. If I didn't draw them I would be unable to forecast the weather in the North Atlantic. Secondly, for weeks now I've kept track of German operations on the basis of my maps. They've never missed. Come good weather, their planes and subs are out in force, ready to operate. On the other hand, they've found shelter in time before the going was tough. Haven't you noticed it yourself, sir?"

"We've had some bad luck lately," MacKintry admitted, "but couldn't the weather part of it have been coincidence?"

The aerologist shook his head. "It's been going on for too long."

"How are they relaying their information? We'd have picked up any radioactivity with direction finders."

MacKintry had placed his finger on the weak link.

Cloudy admitted, "That's what I don't know. Possibly they send with low power to a Focke-Wulf which flies over near Greenland. I suggest you give me a patrol plane to go investigate. We'll find something. I'd stake my life on it."

The skipper considered, studying the maps and Day's analysis. Then he shook his head. "We're stretched too thin right now. We've three convoys coming through in ten days and we must cover them. I can't spare a PBY, not until you have more to go on than this."

Cloudy returned to the hut trying not to feel snubbed. After all, he was a one-idea man. The weather. MacKintry had operations, planes, men, guns, fuel, ammunition, communications, and the orders of the admiral

(*Continued on page 48*)

Rick swooped. Above the roa
of his engines could be hear
the chatter of the machine gu

FRANK GODWIN

WHAT YOU'LL EAT IN '43

There will be enough but not a lot—and you'll have to be far less fussy. A distinguished Washington observer reveals facts based on official data

BY W. M. KIPLINGER

We're all familiar with sugar ration books by now. They get us our coffee too. This year will bring us other books, other important items rationed.

THE breakfast you ate this morning was started a year or more ago, and your kitchen is merely the last stop on a long, long trail from farm to table. Your dinner is the product of last year's sun, rain, grass, and creek water, and of breeding which occurred before this war started.

Most of us don't feed ourselves. We work at other jobs and make money which we swap for food. Even farmers don't feed themselves. They buy a lot of food at the store.

Keep these facts in mind when you talk about food. For from now on you are going to talk a great deal about food. And you are going to discover that to get your daily meals you are dependent upon others—the farmers, shippers, processors, stores, and delivery trucks, and the government, which works with them to make certain you will be fed. If you understand the system, you will eat better. You will also have a fair idea of what is coming, and be able to adjust your habits to make it less of a strain.

There isn't any doubt about it—we have got to reform. As for myself, I hate to do it. But I shall. The other day some unexpected guests stayed for dinner. We had "only" scalloped potatoes with a slab of ham on top, cabbage slaw, bread and butter, applesauce, and coffee. There wasn't enough for second helpings. My wife murmured an apology for the "plain family dinner." Before this year is out, that meal will be a "company dinner," with no apologies.

But hunger is not in the cards, not in the statistics. You and I will have "enough" to eat. Enough to keep us healthy—but not enough to support any double chins. There will be less variety—a hundred foods to pick from, instead of a thousand. If you are upper-income class, your diet will shrink the most, will become plain. If you are average-income, you will simplify your eating habits considerably. If you are lower-income, you will suffer the least. On the average, the health of our citizens may actually improve, as has that of the British people.

In any event, don't blame Washington. Government directs the rationing, but government does not make the food shortage, any more than the traffic cop makes the traffic jam. Rationing keeps you from getting too much, but it also makes certain you get your share. It protects those of us who are not greedy from those of us who are. So rationing is inconvenient but necessary.

Nobody expected that we might some day have to feed half the world. Our whole mentality was grooved to the idea that we had plenty, even too much. Government policy was to curtail farm output, to plow under, to keep supply down and prices up. That was supposed to benefit farmers, and it did. But the war came. Farmers in other lands went to war and didn't grow food. Starvation hit their countries. Under lend-lease we have undertaken to feed some of those countries, partly to keep them alive and partly to help them fight better.

Germany uses systematic starvation to keep the people of occupied countries from rising up and fighting back. The policy of our side in the war is to feed-feed-feed as much as we can, to keep an Englishman fighting, or to give strength to a Frenchman, a Belgian, a Hollander, or even perhaps an Italian, so he can help us fight when the right time comes. That's no sentimental dream; it's a hard detail of the war strategy. Also, it's a reason why we civilians should do our bit at the breakfast table, and save food for those who are fighting or are close to the fighting.

Government is a year or two behind in its organization of machinery for handling the food problem which we face, but government is now running fast to catch up. It has become food-conscious—belatedly.

We have acquired a food administrator, Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard. His appointment to this over-all food job came late, but he is making up for lost time by doing two things: (1) Trying to steam up production on the farms, so that the food shortage will not be *too* great next year, 1944. (2) Trying to get the manufacturers, processors, and distributors of food to move the most food by the simplest means to grocery stores and kitchens.

The stirring up of production is in charge of a hard-working and thoroughly practical ex-preacher named Herbert W. Parisius. The work with processors and distributors is handled by an ex-newspaperman, young Roy F. Hendrickson. Then, supplementing those jobs, the food administrator tells the OPA and the rationing office what supplies are on hand or coming along and what demand to expect. The rationing machinery gets busy, and you will know the rest.

IT isn't so simple to grow food, for it comes from 6,000,000 farms and each farmer is psychologically a kind of king on his own acres, has a good deal of freedom to grow what he gosh-durn pleases. Farmers have previously been organized or "regimented" into fitting their individual farms into a common program of growing less of what didn't appear to be needed. The regimentation worked semi-well. So at least the harness is on. But now the government is slapping the reins instead of yelling "Whoa."

Price is still the principal lure that makes farmers raise more. Last year we thought that for the sake of consumers we were going to keep food prices down. Late in the year the idea dawned that bigger production came first, and price control second. We began to realize the inconsistency of full pocketbooks and empty bellies. So government relaxed its restraint on food prices, and they went up. They will go up some more before this year is out, but there is enough restraint to keep them from skyrocketing.

Look at your sackful of groceries. Look at the tin, the glass, the cardboard, the printing, the pretty pictures, the waxed paper, the cellophane, and sometimes even colored ribbons. They are nice, but they cost money—your money. That isn't so bad, for people in general have the

(*Continued on page 69*)

These cases of canned beef are ready to be shipped to England. To relieve the meat shortage here, horse meat has come into the market. Below, two Boston butchers try some with home frieds. Good, is their verdict.

LADY ON A FLAGPOLE

IN this period of priorities I groan when I think back to the time Jenny won a new car at the Elite Theater. Five new rubber tires. If I had held ticket No. 10866 I wouldn't have had any qualms about accepting that shiny new sedan. My bus is eight years old.

But Jenny had qualms. That girl is, in certain respects, an interesting psychological study. She has fascinated me since the first time she refused to let me copy her arithmetic answers in grammar school. For my unselfish devotion to Jenny all these years I have no regrets. I wish, however, I hadn't taken her to the movies that night.

I was sitting in my swivel chair at my roll-top desk in the Courier office, admiring my name plate—Maxwell Brock, editor—when I spied the pass Mr. Griswold of the Elite gives me to review new pictures. I called Jenny at the high school where she teaches history and government at night.

"This is the What-Do-You-Think Editor," I said. "They're giving away a genuine automobile at the theater—free! Thought you might like to catch a show."

Jenny thought she would be delighted to see a show, but she couldn't talk to me now because her class was in the middle of The Star-Spangled Banner, and Frank Pulaski from Factory Town was two bars ahead of everybody else again; yes, yes, she loved me—good-by!

That was back in 1940—the era of the Willkie button—the night I took Jenny to see a movie. There was a parade that evening. *Boom, boom,* it throbbed up Maple Boulevard, drawing me in its wake; through the Square with its Spirit of '76 tableau dedicated to the Corporate City of Craryville by Jennifer's father, David Tobit, whose grandfather had marched with Sherman, carrying on the tradition launched by the latter's Great-uncle Peter, who lost an ear at Valley Forge.

I mention these statistics because they help explain Jenny. They help explain certain attitudes she adopts, such as the one she so strenuously voiced that very evening on the high-school steps. It was there that Ben Gallagher, a big noise in our political district, had chosen to set up his rostrum. In a stentorian bellow he was counting on his fingers the virtues of a state senatorial candidate named Mark Mercer, when an indignant little figure swooped down the steps.

I give you Jennifer Tobit.

"Mr. Gallagher, would it be too much to ask that you take your campaign elsewhere?"

Ben surveyed her with arms akimbo. "Miss Tobit, would you deny us our constitutional right to freedom of assembly?"

"I deny you nothing," she cried in a loud clear voice, "except the right to disturb the peace."

"Is campaigning for the election of a great man disturbing to you?"

"It's disturbing to my class. And, while we're on the subject, your choice of candidates is as poorly conceived as your manners. Mark Mer-

Jenny had more patriotic fervor than a founding father—and she gave a wily politician an unforgettable lesson in democracy

BY DEVERY FREEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

Jenny indicated a row of texts on government and history. "What's wrong with these?" she asked.

cer has no claim to greatness except that he inherited interests in three utility companies—"

("Miss Tobit, if you please!" Ben cried.)

"—one automobile plant, and several lumber mills. Believe me, Mr. Gallagher, your man is fit only to be elected to a place—"

("For heaven's sake, Jenny!" the politician complained.)

"—in the rotogravure section, over the title 'Wealthy Sportsman,' and I wish my voice were loud and convincing enough to bring that home to the citizens of this state—"

Ben Gallagher was dancing angry, but Jenny wouldn't give way until the politician launched his brass band into a nerve-shattering rendition of Roll Out the Barrel.

"THE trouble with you, Jenny," I whispered as we sat in the theater that night, "is you think you have a mission in life. You have more patriotic fervor than a founding father, and your lamp burns brighter than Diogenes'. You make it hard for me to ask you to share my petty existence with me."

She had brown hair, soft as a little girl's. When she put her head on your shoulder, an enticing perfume filled your nostrils.

"Max, if you're asking me to marry you," she said gently, sliding her hand into mine, "you're wasting your breath. I accepted your first proposal a year before you made it."

"You can bet I'm not going to win that car tonight. My luck is all used up," I said devoutly. And I was right. I didn't win the car.

But Jenny did.

The lottery was a big one, involving a chain of theaters of which the Elite was a member. An usher sat at a telephone on the stage, calling off numbers as they were drawn. Tod Griswold, the house manager, was up there in his skimpy tuxedo, making his usual bad jokes.

"One-zero-eight-six-six," said the usher.

"One-zero-eight-six-six," said Tod.

"Why," said Jenny, "that's me!"

"My Lord!" I said.

People around us started to applaud. To the folks in our city this was the stuff of fairy tales. A new Coronet sedan. I thought Jenny must have suffered a shock at this stroke of luck, because she was sitting stiffly, staring straight ahead of her.

"Jenny," I cried, "show them your ticket! Hey, Tod," I yelled, "it's Jenny Tobit!"

I began to realize that Jenny wanted to tell me something, and what she wanted to tell me was this: She wasn't going to accept the car.

WELL, I didn't believe her, of course. I urged her out into the aisle while spectators around us clapped and whistled. Jenny started toward the stage, slowly at first, then faster. And as she walked she squared her shoulders.

Tod Griswold was primed to make something big of the occasion. As soon as Jenny was up on the stage, he launched into a flowery speech of presentation. Our own little Jenny . . . another woman driver . . .

"Excuse me, Mr. Griswold," Jenny interrupted in a voice loud enough for everybody to hear. "I'm not going to take that car."

The theater grew silent. Tod Griswold staggered back as from a blow.

"What did you say, Jenny?" he asked dazedly.

She repeated her statement, firmer this time. A ripple of astonishment swept over the audience.

"But—but why?" Tod pleaded.

Jenny faced the audience. "Because," she declared, "Mark Mercer, a political candidate in this state, owns three quarters of the stock of Coronet Motors. Because I do not hold with what Mark Mercer represents. Therefore I feel it my duty to object to his candidacy in whatever manner I can." . .

It took me two days to recover from that simple statement. I remember standing on the sidewalk outside Aunt Sarah Parrish's clapboard house, where Jenny lived, while Aunt Sarah wielded a broom

(Continued on page 60)

SERGEANTS NEVER MAKE MISTAKES

The heartwarming romance of a girl with a generous heart and a soldier with a penetrating eye

Liberty's Short Short Story

BY CAROLINE CLARK
ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

IT was a mile from Camp Chaflin's Field House, where Marcia worked, to the headquarters of the 107th Tank Destroyer Battalion, where Marcia was going; and every thump of her saddle shoes down the camp roadway was an exclamation point to go with the words she was grimly rehearsing for the man who signed himself "S-Sgt., Hq., 107th T. D. Bn."

It *would* be a sergeant who had written that note!

Major Brewer had put it on her desk five minutes ago with a questioning glance; and now she held it stiffly in front of her blue plaid skirt as if it were something she had picked up out of a trash can.

Office of Special Service: Yesterday we returned to your office 5 copies of this newsmap which we received from you over and above the 6 copies we need each week. Today we received the enclosed copies—5 more! Yet your office informs us of a shortage of these valuable maps. Such shameful inefficiency in an army camp will seriously hamper the war effort.

Marcia had felt her throat tighten, and for a moment Major Brewer's nice homely face had looked slightly out of focus. Tears—at Camp Chaflin? Not while Marcia had a spark of fighting spirit! She shook her head quickly and the mist cleared. It was a man's world, and girls who couldn't keep their chins up and their backs straight had better clean out their desks and go home. Even if somebody said you were seriously hampering the war effort, you had to blink your eyes and take it . . . or did you?

"Sergeants m-make me sick," Marcia had said. And immediately felt better, though it wasn't exactly true.

Until night before last, if any one had said that all sergeants were egotistical, abusive, and full of hay, Marcia would have nodded her head vigorously. Then she had met Sergeant Craig at a USO dance, and she had given him a date for tonight. In a way, it was his fault that the 107th T. D. Bn. was sending up a cry of too many and too soon. The memory of how their glances had held and their hands had touched kept coming back to her at the most inconvenient times. Like when she was checking out maps.

Or like now, when she was striding down the camp street, intent on making up a speech. The speech was to go something like this:

"I sent the maps. I'm sorry. But, of course, being a sergeant, you wouldn't admit that even fairly intelligent people sometimes make mistakes!" Her heels added three more exclamation points. "Being a sergeant, you wouldn't understand that a girl can be just as anxious to help win the war as a man who carries a gun! Being a sergeant, you're so anxious to impress your superior officers—"

Marcia dodged a jeep and waved absently at a truckful of soldiers.

". . . so anxious to impress your superior officers and get to be a captain—"

The flag waving from the tall pole in front of Post Headquarters was now only a few yards away. Marcia looked up at it and a lump came into her throat. There was something very special in the way she felt about being a part of things at Camp Chaflin. It had to do with keeping that flag billowing up there against blue skies and gathering storms.

She set her jaw firmly and swallowed the lump. Sergeants! She'd sent too many maps to one of them because thoughts of another one had dimmed out her wits. She couldn't keep from dreaming about Sergeant Craig—but never again would she get him mixed up with her job and let the war effort down.

THE man behind the desk at Battalion Headquarters was gray-haired and tight-lipped and wore a silver oak leaf on his collar. Marcia didn't slacken her pace until she was directly in front of him, and she forgot to close the door.

"Will you please tell me who's responsible for this note?" She spread it out and drew herself up to her full five feet three.

The lieutenant colonel read it slowly, and if his expression changed at all it was from sour to more sour.

"Do you want to speak to him?"

"I certainly do! He doesn't need to think that just because—"

"Then don't tell me, young lady." He pushed the note across the table. "Turn around and tell him."

Marcia swung around quickly and looked straight into the eyes of—Sergeant Craig. They were nice brown eyes and they wore that well remembered expression that she knew, somehow, was especially reserved for her.

"You don't need to think—" she repeated lamely. The beginnings of a blush crept slowly up from under the sergeant's collar as his glance fell on the note in her hand.

"ARE you the girl," he said in a choked voice—"the girl who sent those maps?"

Marcia nodded. "I sent them. I'm sorry." It was a good start on the speech, but the rest of it seemed to have slipped her mind. Besides, something awful was about to happen. Sergeant Craig was about to stammer out an apology—and the colonel would bristle with disgust. Sergeant Craig, Marcia was sure, would make an excellent captain some day, if his superior officer didn't see him blush and stammer and insist he was wrong when he was right. If Marcia could make him good and mad—

"Just because I sent you a few too many maps, you accuse me of seriously hampering the war effort!" Her eyes blazed with what might easily pass for fury but was really enthusiasm for a job she meant to do. "Any one would think those maps cost a lot of money! And besides, the way this camp throws money around, what's the difference whether your battalion gets six or a dozen of them?"

The blush receded and the brown eyes looked puzzled for a moment, then cold.

"Are you the girl," he said in a choked voice—"the girl who sent those maps?"

"Those maps do cost money," he said. "They're valuable material, and the person in charge of their distribution should be adult, responsible, and serious-minded."

Marcia glanced at the colonel. He was sitting back with an approving smile on his long lean face.

"And I suppose you think I'm a—a featherbrained child?"

"You're acting like one," said Sergeant Craig. "And now, if you're ready to go back to your office, there's a detail car with a driver in it just outside the door."

MARCIA stuffed the note in her pocket because she couldn't bear to see it any more. She'd tear it up as soon as she was alone, and try to forget the awful things she'd said. She'd forget Sergeant Craig too . . . some day. She couldn't even dream of him any more, not even in her spare time. And when he got to be a captain he'd never know it meant anything to her at all.

The detail car was there, but Marcia ignored it and started walking slowly down the street.

Then some one took her by the shoulders and turned her gently around.

It was Sergeant Craig.

Marcia knew that if she just stood there and looked at him her eyes would fill with tears, so she said the first thing that popped into her mind. It was a good parting thrust, left over from her speech.

"Of course a sergeant is always right!"

He nodded. "Where girls are concerned, anyway. You put on that act to keep me from acting like a schoolboy. It was overdone, but the colonel probably didn't notice."

Their glances held for a moment, and their hands touched.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said.

And did.

The flag waved gaily against cotton-candy clouds, and Marcia's saddle shoes thumped out exclamation points all the way back down the camp street.

It would have been silly to argue with him about that kiss, because a sergeant never makes mistakes!

THE END

PSYCHOLOGY GOES TO WAR

The army is doing a conscientious job of weeding out the malcontents and the mentally ill, preventing unnecessary tragedies both now and after the war

BY J. C. FURNAS

These recruits at a reception center look normal and healthy, and probably are. But modern psychology goes below surface appearances to discover hidden mental ills. There is nothing in the face of Private Edward J. Leonski (right) of New York City to indicate criminal tendencies. Yet he was recently hanged for murder in Australia. Had he entered the army after mental hygiene units had been set up, his family's record for crime and instability would have come to light.

NEVER mind his name. Until Selective Service put him in the army, he was just a farm boy. When he went A. W. O. L., from Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, he did a thorough job of it. It was several months before the army caught up with him.

Five generations ago this would have meant a heavy flogging or worse. Even now it could mean plenty of prison. But at Monmouth, that boy, like every A. W. O. L. case involving longer than twenty-four hours' absence, was referred to the post's Mental Hygiene Unit. There trained personnel tried to find what was biting him and what could be done about it.

He wasn't a bright boy. Standard psychological tests showed him to be well below average intelligence. Nor was he well balanced. Interviews with psychiatric case workers and a qualified neuropsychiatrist revealed that the lad had often dreamed of gruesome accidents, was given to hearing disembodied voices and to immature sexual habits. A period of observation in the post hospital confirmed a tentative diagnosis of "psychotic"—the doctor's word for a form of insanity. The boy was finally discharged for "emotional disability." Home among a large and easygoing family, he would get along fairly well in spite of mental handicaps, and he could still work on the farm.

Discharge from the army is by no means the standard "solution" to troublesome cases, however. Oftener than not the Mental Hygiene Unit finds that by merely switching the job for which a recruit is training his difficulties are erased. A man who fears climbing ought not to be a wire lineman, for example.

Checking up on current situations back home often produces clues to a soldier's behavior. For instance, a Signal Corps private, bright and well intentioned, went into New York City on a week-end pass and didn't show again for five days—a flagrant case of A. W. O. L. The Unit soon had his frank story. For three years before being drafted he had been drinking constantly, a habit he had acquired while working in a bar. He knew drinking was bad medicine and had found it fairly easy to stay sober—outside New York. In the big city, however, the only pals he had were the boys at the old place. When he visited them he would get blind drunk and stay that way for days.

But he was good army material, sober. The Unit passed him back for discipline with the recommendation

strains of their job, are specially liable to nervous and mental ills. And when you're fighting a war in which every man counts, soldiers with troubles must either be straightened out or mustered out.

Mental Hygiene Units are now being set up in many Replacement Training Centers. Some men ask for help themselves—with permission of company commanders. But the bulk of men handled are either A. W. O. L.s or those referred to the Unit by chaplains or officers. Worry about the home folks, girl trouble, and liquor are the three most common stumbling blocks.

The more serious cases—men who cry uncontrollably in barracks, who are always fighting or grousing or "gold-bricking," or who attempt suicide—good officers want identified as quickly as possible and got out of their commands. Such emotional unfortunates use up far too much of officers' and noncoms' time and wreck discipline among other men.

An undetected case of emotional instability in a company of men may make the difference between victory and defeat. When things get hot, an outburst of panic in one man can sweep a whole keyed-up platoon to disaster. Complicating the discovery of such men prior to combat is the fact that many persons conceal past histories of mental troubles so they can get into uniform.

Few people realize that the emo-

—in which he heartily concurred—that he be transferred to some training center so far from New York that he couldn't get back to its convivial temptations. The odds are that a fine fighting man will result from this simple decision. But left to conventional discipline, harsher at every offense, his training might have been wasted and his emotional make-up warped. The fundamental purpose of the Unit's work, says the Medical Corps captain in charge, is "to prevent such breakdowns."

When seeking trained personnel for the Unit, Fort Monmouth had trouble because "psychiatric case work" was not one of the 600-odd occupational categories listed by the army. So it asked civilian psychiatrists for names of skilled workers who had gone into the army. Those the army found were transferred to Monmouth. Their most important function is to interview soldiers.

The interviews—the case worker talking easily and yet probingly, the soldier across from him troubled and yet finding it easier and easier to tell all—are the crux of this new idea. It is all based upon the fact that soldiers, because of the unavoidable

Leaving their girls and their families imposes a severe strain on most young men suddenly switched from civilian to army life.

tional ability to "take it" is quite as necessary to a fighting man as physical fitness. The sudden switch from civilian to soldier, the wrench of girl or family left behind, and fear of being shipped abroad impose severe strains. And these are exclusive of the strains of actual combat.

Most recruits take both loads in stride, adjusting emotionally in pace with thriving physical gains. But those who need help need it as badly as if it were a matter of physical injury. There is nothing vague about this hazard. Emotional crack-ups were so frequent in the early 1918 A. E. F. that General Pershing cabled vigorous protest to Washington against shipping to France so many thousands who, shortly after landing, would become useless soldiers. What World War I doctors once called "shell shock" proved to be a purely mental disturbance—a "war neurosis" involuntarily developed by the emotionally unstable.

Such emotional strain often causes actual physical disability. Chronic stomach ulcer and blinding headaches are among the most prevalent consequences.

Well aimed precautions taken *now*, Dr. Marion E. Kenworthy recently told the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, can keep more than half these potential problems out of uniform or, if they do slip by, get them out of harm's way in time.

ACTUALLY, this is a three-barreled job. First, do all that is possible before induction to spot such men and keep them in civilian life, where strains are familiar and easier to take. Second, make every effort during training to help those who can be helped and to eliminate those who can't. Third, give all possible help to men facing combat.

Some state Selective Service organizations, notably Connecticut and New York, are co-operating brilliantly with local social agencies on preliminary sorting. Every induction center has, or should have, a competent neuropsychiatrist passing on men called up by local draft boards. But the local board can eliminate a man only if he has been committed to a mental institution or has certain apparent disorders. The induction center has much wider discretion.

In Connecticut, for instance, the name of every man put in Class 1-A is checked against nine different state-wide files of various social and legal agencies. The files will reveal not only whether he was ever in a mental institution but also whether he was ever in a special class for retarded children, or had a serious police record.

By such records the Connecticut State Bureau of Mental Hygiene can count on obtaining pertinent facts about three out of every 100 registrants classified in 1-A. Each time a man known to have a significant past goes up for induction, a private file goes right with him, and the induction psychiatrist considers his case very carefully.

NOT every emotional instability case can be screened out prior to induction, however. For example, there was the selectee on furlough being entertained peacefully by a maiden aunt in a Midwestern city. On his second evening he suddenly locked all the doors and began shouting that the house was surrounded by people trying to lynch him. He is now under observation in a military hospital, deep in the shadow of grave and chronic mental illness.

Neither this boy nor his family had any record of mental trouble. Military service was at least the detonator, if not the fundamental cause of his emotional disintegration. What happened to him explains why the army takes such psychiatric pains. That soldier in barracks or in the field could have disorganized an entire company.

As the final step—warding off emotional trouble in combat—psychiatric divisional units are being trained to go with fighting men to the firing line. One of the lessons of World War I was that treatment on the spot is ten times as effective as treatment deferred. Psychiatrists will go with the surgeon to field dressing stations and order appropriate hospitalization and treatment for men on the verge of emotional collapse.

Old-timers sometimes snort at the idea of detailing commissioned and enlisted personnel to what they consider mere hand-holding. What a chance for the gold-bricker, they say, to throw a few fits of artificial hysterics and get out of the army! Realists, however, while admitting that the malingerer is necessarily part of this picture, point out that any malingering, conscious or unconscious, means there is something wrong with the man in question.

Besides, the intentional gold-bricker is up against more than he knows in trying to fake emotional disability. Through experience, psychiatrists have developed simple techniques for finding what motive lies back of the tales soldiers tell. In many cases the detected faker is promptly disciplined. In others, the army, figuring cannily that he is no fit man by virtue of his very impulse to malinger, sends him home.

"The man who has so little sense of responsibility and obligation toward his country," says Dr. Richard M. Brickner, after a study of this problem, "will have equally little toward his job, his family, and his acquaintance. . . . When he returns home to tell of his cleverness in escaping army service, he is in reality advertising his own character defects and flashing warning to his employer and those who are around him to be on their guard."

By acting skillfully and effectively now, the army is preventing unnecessary tragedies in postwar years among men who should never have been made soldiers. But war also has a way of stimulating knowledge. World War I taught doctors valuable lessons in the handling of fear and mass maladjustment. It is not unlikely that, in consequence of raising the greatest army in American history to fight Japs and Nazis, doctors will learn further lessons that will make the lives of millions happier and more useful.

THE END

GILBERT STUART'S WASHINGTON →

BUT for Gilbert Stuart, moody son of an immigrant snuff grinder, many Americans might never have known what George Washington looked like. Stuart's famous portrait, reproduced here, is one of the few known to have been made from life. So awed was the artist by "the great self-command of the President," that he was at first scarcely able to put anything on canvas. Not until the second or third sitting did Stuart begin to paint. Even then he completed only the head and shoulders. "I copy the work of God," he explained, "and leave the clothes to the tailor." How well Stuart copied God's work cannot be judged by any one now living. Since Americans accept his likeness of our first President as standard, it hardly matters. Indeed, in the words of Mark Twain: "If Washington were to rise from the dead and not resemble the Stuart portrait, he would be denounced as an impostor." The portrait, however, shows only one Washington—the serene, confident, stately man who had seen his country weather the Revolution.

For a picture of that other, little-known Washington—the gawky, unsure campaiger of New York and Valley Forge—turn to page 31 and read the abridgment of Howard Fast's vivid historical novel, The Unvanquished. There you will learn of the inner struggle, the doubts and torments through which our first President had to pass before he became the self-assured man of Stuart's portrait.

This portrait is owned by the Boston Athanaeum, lent to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

WHAT ABOU

Every husband and wife should have frequent periods of being alone together.

WE were standing on a street corner, my best friend, her husband, and I. The wind blew up the skirts of a passing girl. My friend's husband let out a whooping whistle. It was the equivalent of his having shouted, "Wow!"

Though the girl was not bad-looking, she certainly was no more attractive physically than my friend, even by the strictest standards of "leg art." But she was a stranger to my friend's husband, and so he was intrigued.

We left him at his office, and his wife and I went to the movies. Half an hour later she was slumped in her seat, staring absorbedly at Clark Gable on the screen, a passionate look in her eyes. Yet Clark Gable was not really so very much handsomer than her own husband. But he was a stranger to her and he had all the charm of the unknown.

When I went home that night I got to thinking about these two. Didn't they *see* how attractive each was? Had the chemistry of their beings changed since marriage? For years they had been "happily married," yet it was plain they instinctively looked elsewhere for the sort of thrill they had once found best together. Unfortunately, they were not unique. I had seen other married couples also looking at each other across some sort of barrier, both wanting a warmer love life but neither of them stopping to consider that maybe there was nothing wrong with the mate they had already chosen.

What was the right move for these people to make? And what things had built up the barrier which stood between them? Unless their fancy could be redirected toward each other, they were headed either for divorce or for the dreary stand of a marriage endured only for the sake of convenience.

It is not difficult to name many of the mistakes responsible for erasing sexual attraction in marriage. My clues to the mystery lay in the fact that at one time I suffered a similar

OUR SPOUSE?

Though many couples forget it, the basis of a happy marriage is a happy sex relationship. A wise counselor offers some pointed suggestions

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

PHOTO BY WILLIAM RITTER

situation in my own marriage. I learned the enormous urgency of finding a way to break down all the little things which pile up between man and wife to overshadow the important fact that they are still members of opposite sexes and to prevent them from rediscovering the attractive animal with whom they mated.

In a discussion of this kind it is absurd to pretend that the prime importance of sex is a tabooed subject. Everything, from eggbeater factories to shipyards, from plowshares to compacts, exists to serve sex. There is no utility in all of human living, civilized or otherwise, which has come into being for any reason other than because mankind wanted a private place in which to mate. Even the instruments of war are loudly proclaimed as wielded primarily to protect our homes.

And yet the home itself, once it is established, immediately begins to set up a barrier which more often than not destroys one of the main things for which it was founded—the glory and fire of passionate love. Before we are aware of what is happening, the house, its furnishings, its pots and pans and the very bed in which we lie, become more important than the things they were created to serve.

I AM free to confess that once I let just such an invasion of inanimate objects mar my marriage. I let my house furnishings and the conscientious care of them blind me to the man for the love of whom I had undertaken these household responsibilities. Then, later, I allowed my child to help build up the wall which kept me from seeing my husband. As I look back on the situation, I seem to remember that my husband made a few attempts to combat the building of this wall between us, but that I interpreted these attempts as importunities instead of seeing them as desperate efforts to save something he held precious. For example, when he found I was more interested in cleaning the attic than in kissing him in a dark corner of it during the process, he gave up.

As a matter of record, I *did* want to be kissed. But my household habits had made me feel there was something silly and undignified about encouraging it in the midst of a household task. And I had an idea that there was always plenty of time for lovemaking at the right moment, in the right place. But I was wrong. Love is *when* you find it, and, for all its boldness, it is a shy, sensitive thing which can easily die away under unconsidered rebuffs. That kiss I refused is one I would now have the sense to accept eagerly.

If my husband had gone off looking for other dark corners and other kisses, he could scarcely have been blamed. And he very nearly did before I rediscovered the fact that the most attractive man I knew lived right in the house with me, and that if I wanted to keep him there I had better do something about it.

While no one can make a positive analysis of what destroys the ardent-lover relationship between man and wife, there is no question that one reason is that they allow their possessions to own them instead of owning their possessions. Again I speak from personal experience.

Quite aside from the unconscious habit I had acquired of nagging my man about such things as putting his feet up on the new chintz sofa cover, throwing trash into the newly cleaned fireplace, and generally putting my stewardship of his household furnishings above my stewardship of his love life, we both of us allowed money matters to rear a Gorgon head which obscured our vision of each other.

FOR some mysterious reason, money puts man and wife instantly on the defensive, no matter whose money it is. Each automatically regards the other as a spendthrift unless a sound, equitable handling of funds is settled upon at the outset of the marriage. In my own case, circumstances did not permit of this at first, and I am sure there were times when disputes about money drew us close to actual hatred of each other—and, though love is akin to hate, it's a pretty distant cousin. You don't feel like falling into the arms of some one you are looking at through a dollar sign. And it was not until I started wondering where the lover I had married had gone to, and began searching for a way to find him again, that I realized what a false friend money was. We should have regarded money not as a friend but as a servant—and certainly not as the sort of servant who listened at our bedroom door.

ONE should not let anything—business, "company," cards, the radio, housework, or children—interfere with husband and wife having frequent periods of being alone together. In my own case, I finally decreed that there would always be one meal a day which my husband and I would eat alone. There is some sort of intimate enchantment in a table set for two and the assurance of a *tête-à-tête*. Millions of romances have been started this way, and the scene is still an excellent provocative. I found it so, though it was not always easy to maintain, for sometimes we were poor and lived in two small rooms with a baby. But, by accustoming my child to the idea that his parents must have privacy for a portion of the day, he felt no slight.

The successful adjustment of the child's life to that of the parents is vital. It is far more important that children have a home whose happiness is founded on their parents' happiness than a "happy home" founded on turning the household over to the selfish and uninformed greed of spoiled youngsters.

Both from what I have been able to glean through the confidences of others and during a long and sincerely honest inquiry into my own reactions, I am convinced that perhaps the greatest of all threats to the survival of love is our handling of sex itself. So often our basic attitude toward it is wrong, and the complete honesty which makes sexual reticence a mockery is lacking.

One great and frequent mistake is, I think, when a man begins taking sex for granted: feeling that it is

(*Continued on page 54*)

HOW WE OUTFOXED ROMMEL

"Great days ahead!" The promise was Churchill's. Here he is, hat on stick, skyrocketing the morale of Britain's soldiers in Egypt.

Rommel came through the south Alamein line—and then the trap was sprung. Here's part of it, tanks moving up to attack him at dawn.

This rubbish is all that our bombers left of one of his ammunition [illegible] What [illegible] more, they had blasted tracks in his supply line.

I STOOD on the docks at Mersa Matruh. Near by, a detachment of New Zealanders were taking battle stations on the stony escarpment that stretches along the Mediterranean coast. And on the coast road everything not essential to a last-ditch stand was moving eastward in long, roaring, dust-clouded columns. The whole water front crawled with men who were stringing wires and laying charges of dynamite that would blast the docks at a moment's notice. It was June 24, 1942, and Britain's Eighth Army, under General Auchinleck, was backing up under terrific onslaughts by Marshal Rommel's 100,000 men, 600 tanks, and 10,000 motor vehicles.

An overworked lieutenant commander of the Royal Navy, who had evacuated me from Greece under a deluge of aerial bombs, was directing the dynamiting. I watched him amusedly as he tried to answer three field telephones at the same time. I hadn't seen him in months. When he looked up at me, grinning, I asked him how long he thought it would be before we were driven out of Matruh. "Don't worry," he snapped. "The army will retreat no farther."

I couldn't share his optimism. The situation was grim. All through May and June the Axis steam roller had thundered eastward. Agedabia, Bengasi, Derna—one by one, the battle-scarred cities along the Libyan coast had fallen. And on June 21, after a twenty-six-day battle, Tobruk had crumbled, with a loss of 50,000 men and vast quantities of equipment. Auchinleck's men had fled in near rout across the border into Egypt.

Now here we were at Mersa Matruh. Only 200 miles behind us lay the vital heart of Egypt—Alexandria, the Nile Delta, and the Suez Canal. And even while I strolled the wharves Nazi aircraft soared lazily a few feet over the water, laying mines to block the harbor. No one stopped them. They weren't bombing the city. I had heard they weren't bothering to bomb Alexandria, either. The Germans did not want to destroy what might soon be theirs.

No men gambled for higher stakes than the British at El Alamein. A first-hand account of the epic counter-offensive which sent the Axis reeling back toward Tripoli

BY HENRY T. GORRELL

Correspondent with
THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY

In my black mood I envisioned the loss of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, and Persia. I saw the Germans and Japanese linking arms across the Persian Gulf, dooming Russia and China. I saw the United Nations left with only the Union of South Africa and the British Isles as advance bases from which to fight the combined forces of the Axis. It was a gloomy prospect indeed, for it would have meant thirty, fifty, perhaps one hundred years of war, with North and South America bearing the brunt of the burden in a wearying struggle of economic attrition.

But what I didn't know—and what the Germans didn't know—was that even then Allied ships were rounding Cape Horn, bound for Egypt. And more were on the way from England and America, pack-jammed with troops, tanks, guns, ammunition, and planes. How could any one have guessed, then, that in five months' time the tide of war would be spectacularly reversed?

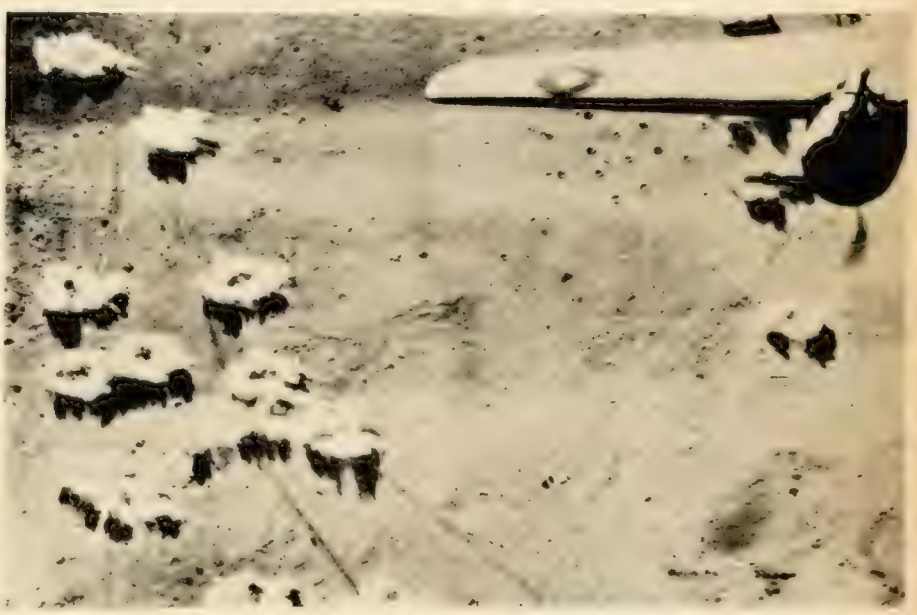
Certainly I had no idea of it. On June 27, just six days after the evacuation of Tobruk, Axis forces sped into the outskirts of Mersa Matruh, 100,000 strong. I had expected a fight, but nothing like what I saw. General Freyburg issued just one order to his men: "Here you are, and here you'll stay until all ammunition is gone. Then you'll stick them with the bayonet."

German panzer units that tried to rush the Kiwis' lines were knocked out right and left by a torrent of fire from twenty-five-pound antitank guns. Then, after nightfall, the New Zealand natives went out barefoot across the sand and attacked German infantry being brought up in caterpillar troop carriers. First, the dark-skinned men threw grenades. The Germans, panicked, deserted their carriers. Then the Kiwis hacked them down with bayonets.

I watched these men dig slit trenches in the sand, climb in, and wait for Axis tank spearheads to pass directly over them. Then they would leap up and throw sticky bombs—

(*Continued on page 64*)

With Rommel in retreat, these British infantrymen are advancing at the double to storm a ridge. The tank is one of Rommel's, disabled.



Now he's in full retreat—routed—and United Nations bombers are dropping "eggs" among his panzer vehicles in the Western Desert.

His men had laid mines along the railroad tracks they abandoned. These British sappers are removing a mine from underneath a rail.

CHINA PRIMER

Here's what the War Department tells our troops about our Far Eastern ally. It will help clear up your misconceptions, too

Text and illustrations abridged and reprinted from A Pocket Guide to China, by permission of the War Department

OF all the peoples of Asia, the Chinese are most like Americans. One of the reasons, perhaps, is that we both live in countries where there is plenty of space and a great variety of climate and food. We are alike too, because we both love independence and individual freedom.

Another likeness is that we are both humorous peoples. The Chinese love a joke just as well as we do, and they laugh at the same sort of thing. Their stock jokes are the same as ours. They laugh about stinginess, about country hicks and smart city people. Their conversation is full of wit and lively humor, and they love slapstick stuff, their own

and ours. Listen to a Chinese crowd laughing at Charlie Chaplin or Laurel and Hardy and you'll think you are at home.

Then, too, we are both practical peoples. The Chinese are shrewd business men, generous friends, and they believe in having a good time on earth while they are alive. In the main, so do we. They are better than we are, perhaps, at human relationships. They have learned to get along with people through centuries of getting along with each other. The Chinese family system keeps several generations under the [illegible] roof—grandparents and parents, sons and daughters and their families, and this has taught them the art of living together.

The Chinese loves his children and his old parents. He loves his own bit of ground and his own roof, even if it is poor.

We are alike, also, because of our natural democratic tendencies. There are few class distinctions in China, no hereditary aristocracy. Anybody can get anywhere if he can prove himself able enough. The Chinese have their great men who were born in cabins, just as we do. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself is the son of poor parents, and Sun Yat-sen, their George Washington, was a poor boy. The rich in China behave like the rich anywhere except that they don't feel themselves permanently rich. They know that poor and rich change places quickly in the changes of democratic life. And the poor man in China knows he has a chance to rise in the world.

What Does "Face" Mean?

THE Chinese are a proud people and also a courteous one. They consider it important not to hurt any one's feelings and they will appreciate consideration of their own feelings. This is sometimes called "face," which simply means self-respect. The Chinese pay more attention to preserving it than we do. They do not criticize each other as frankly as we do, and there are certain rules of courtesy, particularly to the old from the young.

Don't worry about "face" and complicated courtesy. Simply be an American in the best sense. The Chinese don't expect you to know all their ways of polite behavior. They will not think less of you if you break a rule or two if they are convinced you respect them and wish to be friendly with them.

Your First Impression

YOUR first impression will depend upon where you arrive. The Chinese people vary widely. In the north the people are tall and handsome. In mid-China they are of average height. And in the south they are short and stocky.

During your tour of duty you will see cities, towns, and countryside. Chinese cities are of two kinds, those which have been modernized and those which remain as they have been for centuries. The largest of the modern ones are Shanghai, Tientsin, Nanking, Hong Kong, Canton, Hankow, Peiping—now, temporarily, all in Japanense hands.

In the Chinese cities or towns where you are most likely to be at first, the streets are narrow, dirty, and crowded. Chinese cities and towns were built not for automobiles but for sedan chairs and wheelbarrows and caravans of donkeys and for pedestrians. The gutters are defective, if there are any gutters, and people often throw water and garbage out of their doors. Modern Chinese cities, of course, have wide streets and good sewers.

You may be shocked, at first, to see how desperately poor most Chinese are. Their houses and their clothing seem dirty and unkempt. There are mangy dogs that you had

best keep away from. You will see human strays, too, beggars of the most sorrowful sort. Do not give anything to them or you will be besieged. And nowadays there will be refugees and homeless poor and war-wounded. For China has suffered terribly. Her wounded can today be counted in the millions. What you can do to help them must be left to you. In general it is best to give money only privately, or through some reliable organization, such as the United China Relief.

After a time, however, you will discover that Chinese peasants and workmen are almost never demoralized. They keep their chins up, take what comes, help each other out, and live with amazing contentment amid the terrific struggle for the bare necessities of life.

You'll have other surprises, too. But they need not shock you if you are ready to admit that peoples may be the same at heart, whatever their customs. Thus you will see mothers nursing their babies in public. Men and boys will relieve themselves wherever and whenever nature demands. Children will run about with nothing on at all. Take all this as a matter of course, as the Chinese do, and do not offend their sense of good taste by seeming to even notice it.

Despite the strangeness and the poverty, you will very soon enjoy walking along Chinese streets and seeing the rich human life going on around you, the hot-blooded quarreling, the laughter, the children, the people arguing over their buying and selling. They will enjoy you, too. A crowd will very likely follow you. Accept them good-humoredly and let them come along.

One thing to understand at the beginning: The Chinese think we look queer. They are accustomed to every one having black hair and black eyes. Also we are bigger-boned than the average Chinese, and hairier. The Chinese have an ancient belief that the hairier people are, the more uncivilized they are. Because of your appearance, you'll be a curiosity to the Chinese, and perhaps a source of amusement. If you take that in good part and grin back at them, they'll like you.

You'll see lots of rickshas, looking just as they did in the movies at home. The tough, lean coolies who pull them are to be treated always with respect for what they are in Chinese life and the waging of this war. They are the freight carriers, the builders of the Burma Road, the guerrilla fighters; their stomachs never filled, their bodies nothing but bone and muscle.

When you ride behind one of them he will appreciate your sitting forward when he goes uphill, leaning back when he goes down, and at other times sitting with your weight in the middle of the vehicle.

As you walk along the street, the workingman will appreciate it if you do not step over a carrying pole laid in the street for a moment's rest, or the lowered shafts of a ricksha or sedan chair, because this is supposed to bring bad luck in business for a year.

Chinese Girls

THE modern Chinese girl, in her long, closely fitting gown, her bare arms and short hair, is often very pretty. Yet it is well to remember that in China the attitude toward women is different from ours in America. Chinese women in some ways are more free than women are here in America—that is, they do some things which American women don't yet do. They are in the army, for instance, and they fight side by side with the guerrillas. But in their relations with men they haven't the same freedom as women have in America.

There are Chinese girls in cabarets and places of amusement who may be used to free and easy ways. But the average Chinese girl will be in-

(*Continued on page 71*)

HOW TO SPOT A JAP
HERE ARE TWO MEN JUST PICKED UP BY A PATROL... THE FIRST THING TO CONSIDER IS APPEARANCE .... THE CHINESE IS "C"...THE JAP IS "J" NOTICE THAT C IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF AN AVERAGE AMERICAN: J IS SHORTER —AND LOOKS AS IF HIS LEGS ARE JOINED DIRECTLY TO HIS CHEST!..
C
J
C IS DULL BRONZE IN COLOR — WHILE J IS LIGHTER — MORE ON THE LEMON-YELLOW SIDE. C'S EYES ARE SET LIKE ANY EUROPEAN'S OR AMERICAN'S — BUT HAVE A MARKED SQUINT.... J HAS EYES SLANTED TOWARD HIS NOSE...
C
J
THE CHINESE HAS A SMOOTH FACE...THE JAP RUNS TO HAIR....LOOK AT THEIR PROFILES AND TEETH... C USUALLY HAS EVENLY SET CHOPPERS — J HAS BUCK TEETH... THE CHINESE SMILES EASILY — THE JAP USUALLY EXPECTS TO BE SHOT... AND IS VERY UNHAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING...ESPECIALLY IF HE IS AN OFFICER!
C
J
YOU MAY FIND JAPS AMONG ANY ORIENTAL CIVILIAN GROUP... THAT IS A FAVORITE INFILTRATION TRICK...MAKE YOUR MAN WALK...THE CHINESE STRIDES...THE JAP SHUFFLES (BUT HE MAY BE CLEVER ENOUGH TO FAKE THE STRIDE)...MAKE HIM REMOVE HIS SOCKS AND SHOES, IF ANY...
C
J
THE CHINESE AND OTHER ASIATICS HAVE FAIRLY NORMAL FEET... THE JAP WORE A WOODEN SANDAL ("GETA") BEFORE HE WAS ISSUED ARMY SHOES... HE WILL USUALLY HAVE A WIDE SPACE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND TOES... OFTEN CALLOUSED FROM THE LEATHER STRAP THAT HELD THE "GETA" TO HIS FOOT...
C
J
TO SUM IT UP, SPOTTING A JAP DEPENDS UPON THREE THINGS: (1) APPEARANCE (2) FEET (3) PRONUNCIATION
HE CAN'T PRONOUNCE OUR LIQUID "L"... HISSES ON ANY "S" SOUND
ALMOST NO WAIST-LINE
STOCKY BUILD
SHORT, SQUAT, FAIRLY HEAVY BEARD...LEMON-YELLOW SKIN SLANTED EYES
G-STRING
WIDE SPACE BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND TOES...CALLOUS ON THE WEB

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN wealthy George Kempen died mysteriously in Cleveland just before signing a will leaving all he had to a night-club singer he was going to marry, Jeff Piper, young attorney, was not satisfied with the police verdict of "accidental death." He had seen how frightened Kempen had been when, at lunch one day, a man named Albert Mercer had ordered a peculiar meal, asking for plum tart first, then mentioning liverwurst on a white roll, then pea soup. And when he discovered that Mercer was Kempen's heir, his suspicions grew.

On the train from Cleveland to New York, Jeff found Mercer murdered, just after a good-looking couple had left his compartment. He did not report the crime, but went on to New York with Elizabeth Neff, a young author of mystery stories who insisted on playing Watson to his Sherlock Holmes. The couple had left the train at Syracuse, taking Mercer's briefcase.

A memo book which Jeff had taken from Mercer's pocket yielded a list of four names and addresses: George Kempen's; Professor Frederick Rowe's of New York; Marie Lange's of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts; and Ben Walters' of Washington, D. C.

They went to see the professor, who paled and left them when Liz mentioned Mercer's death.

Then Jeff discovered that Kempen had been interested at one time in a German sports farm. Could that mean that Mercer and the people on his list were members of a spy ring? Perhaps Marie Lange might give them a clue.

Marie Lange was away when they arrived at the Vineyard, but at the inn where they stayed they found three other people who interested them. Two were the couple who had been with Mercer on the train. Their name was Ballister. The third was Amos Trask, a cellist. Liz was sure she had met him before, but she couldn't recall where.

Jeff cultivated attractive Carola Ballister, hoping to find out something.

"She's hanging back because you're here," he told Liz. So Liz left.

Things began to move. On the day he and his wife were to leave, Henry Ballister was drowned; and Carola, believing that Jeff had been working with Mercer, told him how she and her husband had got mixed up in this strange game of murder and money.

By accident, after a plane crash in which Mercer had been injured, Carola found four wills in his briefcase—signed by the four people whose names appeared on the list Jeff had. Each one named Mercer heir to about a million dollars. There was also a sort of reversed menu, beginning with plum tart and ending with pea soup.

The Ballisters smelled a racket, and when Kempen died by violence they followed his heir, Mercer, and killed him so they could carry on his lucrative work. Henry had posed as Mercer, using the code of the reversed menu to identify himself, and had collected a fortune in securities from Rowe and Marie Lange, who were agents holding the money in trust for the Nazis. The wills were a safeguard in case they died or turned traitor—as Kempen probably had.

Carola suggested now that she and Jeff take the securities Henry had collected and go to South America. Jeff played along, pretending he was a member of the spy ring and was double-crossing them for his own gain.

"First," he said, "we'll go to Washington. There is another million to be had for the asking."

Ben Walters, the fourth name on Mercer's list, was in Washington. And Liz was there, too, as Jeff discovered when she telephoned him that night.

PAPER CHASE

Closing in on their quarry, Jeff and Liz fall into a trap in this tensely dramatic chapter of the most provocative story of the year

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

IT was not until she had closed the door of her compartment and sat for several minutes watching the countryside flash by as the train sped south that Elizabeth had any misgivings. The porter had said they would be in Washington at about three thirty that afternoon. And what would she do in Washington?

When the idea of going first struck her that morning, she had deliberately avoided making any plans besides the necessary ones for catching the train. She'd packed a bag, put her Opus Number Seven into its brown-paper envelope, and cashed a check.

All this took up time, so that it was only when the privacy of her compartment's four walls closed [illegible] that Elizabeth could no [illegible] thinking about Washington. Of course she could still get off at Philadelphia or Baltimore and go back to New York and wait for Jeff to call her. That was another thing: Jeff would be furious when he found out she was in Washington. Well, this was a free country; she could visit its capital if she wanted to. Ben Walters ran a public restaurant, didn't he? She could eat in it if she wanted to.

There was one lovely thing to lean upon: Bertram McHugh. She had never seen him, but his name sounded safe and stable and just poetic enough to insure his having some imagination. Besides, he wrote nice letters. He was a reporter on the Washington Recorder and he ran a book column on Saturdays. He'd been very kind to Elizabeth's books—sometimes even enthusiastic. Her publishers had shown her the clippings after his warm recommendation of her last mystery, and she had written to thank him. He'd replied that if she ever got to Washington it would be a great pleasure, et cetera.

She didn't know another soul in Washington. Besides, Mr. McHugh might be useful. Being a reporter, he could be expected to have more information about people than an ordinary citizen. The first thing she would do in Washington would be to call him. With that initial action safely settled, she decided to stop thinking past it and use the rest of the trip for work.

She got out her pencils and paper and outlines. But she couldn't concentrate. It was impossible to shut out the knowledge that she was on a moving train and that she was on

it for reasons she would have rejected as too thrilling for a thriller. Why should it be dangerous to go to Ben Walters' and have dinner? Hundreds of people did it every day. But they don't know what you know about Walters, she reminded herself.

As soon as she got into her hotel room, Elizabeth phoned the Recorder. There was a short wait before she got through to Mr. McHugh, and during it she thought of all the things that could foil her bright idea. Maybe he had an important assignment to cover that night; maybe he had a wife and three children expecting him home for dinner; maybe he wouldn't remember who she was.

His voice, when he answered, was high and energetic. As soon as he heard who was speaking he shouted, "So you finally got here! How long are you staying?"

"A day or two, I think."

"Say, how about cocktails in an hour? No, damn it, I can't. Have to work. Got a story that can't wait. How about dinner?"

Then there's no wife and kiddies waiting for him. Good. "Good."

"Pick you up at seven."

Fine. "Fine."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Selwyn House."

He hung up. Elizabeth replaced the phone on its cradle, the high-pitched rush of words still ringing in her ears. Mr. McHugh was obviously not a retiring type. She wondered what he looked like. The phone rang. She reached over and picked it up.

"Forgot to tell you," it was McHugh: "Your last book was a damn intelligent mystery story. Could hardly believe you're a woman. You are, aren't you?"

"Let that remain a mystery until seven."

She heard the click as he hung up again, and she looked into the phone and laughed. She got her brown-paper file and lay down on the bed. There was plenty of time to reread all the chapters she had written so far of the new book. She would try to be very objective and read them as a stranger might, as a Mr. McHugh, for example.

When she stepped out of the elevator at seven, a tall almost skele-

He seemed to be afraid of them, placing the cups, then springing back as if they might bite.

ton-like figure loped toward her.

"I'm McHugh. Are you Neff?"

She nodded. "Hello. I didn't see you coming."

The face split in a wide grin. "That's no joke. I'm damn near transparent. Forty-two pounds underweight. But I eat like a horse. Where do you want to go for dinner?"

Ah, there it was—the question just as she had imagined it in all her silent rehearsals of this scene. There was the question clearly asked as if it had indeed been in a script, and now she spoke the answer clearly, without hesitation.

"Ben Walters' Chophouse."

"Hell, no. Not on a hot night like this. I've got my car outside. We'll drive out to an inn I know over in Virginia. Won't be able to go there when they start rationing gas."

But that wasn't right. He wasn't saying the lines correctly. He'd missed the cue. They must go to Ben Walters', oh, they must!

"Please." Elizabeth snatched for an excuse. "I—I came down here to get some Washington background for something I'm—I'm writing, and I *would* like to go to a typical well known Washington restaurant."

"O. K. But why Ben Walters'? There's half a dozen glossier places where you'll see more. How about one of the roofs—the moon and music—"

"But I'd like to see some—well, some famous people up close and—"

"Say, you're not carrying an autograph book, are you?" The magnified brown eyes behind the thick rimless glasses blinked at her. Elizabeth hurried to reassure him.

"No, honestly. But just as a favor to me," she begged, "couldn't we go to Ben Walters'? I've always looked forward to going there, and—"

"O. K., lady. You'll be disappointed." He was holding open the door of a small shabby coupé.

While they were driving over, Elizabeth felt contrite. She glanced at the jackknifed figure beside her. "I hope you don't mind going there," she said. "I hope it won't spoil the evening."

"Not a chance. You can dedicate the book, or whatever you're writing about Washington, to me. To Bertram McHugh who ate crow at Ben Walters' Chophouse."

"What do you mean?"

"I told Ben I'd never set foot in his joint again."

"Then we don't go," said Elizabeth definitely. "I owe you an apology for being so insistent."

"Sure we go. I'm hungry for one of those hickory-broiled steaks. Anyway, that was a long time ago. Lots of bad things have happened in the world since then. I guess Ben's changed his mind. If you want to know what it's all about, here's the story." The rush of words began again. "Before we got into the war a high mug from the America First Committee came down here on some low business. Wouldn't have anything to do with the papers. I followed him into Ben's, where he was eating a steak as big as a map of Germany, and sat down to ask some questions. This guy started beefing and Ben kicked me out. Not gently."

Elizabeth's eyes widened. The picture was coming unsurprisingly clearer. "I suppose Ben Walters was an America Firster too."

"That's where you're wrong, lady. Ben's just a playboy—politically unconscious but plenty sharp on the business side. He's a celebrity hound. It's good for the restaurant. Whoever you are—if you're important enough—you can eat at Ben Walters' in peace. That's why he bounced me."

"Why did you say I'd be disappointed in the restaurant?"

"You girls go for glamour, don't you? There's not much of it at Ben's. He opened the place before the last war, and I bet he hasn't changed a thing in it since."

"But I heard that every one famous has eaten there, from Wilson to Roosevelt. That ought to have left some mark, some atmosphere."

"Oh, you mean the historical shabbiness kind—the if-these-walls-could-but-talk stuff. Sure that's there, I guess. But people don't keep paying Ben's prices for that. Lady, it's the food!"

HE was right. There was no atmosphere as atmosphere is commonly thought of—none of that self-conscious staging for the act of eating; but Elizabeth did not feel the prophesied slump of disappointment as they entered the long rectangular room flatly lighted by heavy oak chandeliers. There were a great many tables in the room, each bearing the regulation white tablecloth and grouping of condiment bottles. Most of the tables were occupied by people who looked to Elizabeth like people eating dinner anywhere, but McHugh squeezed her arm and whispered, "You're in luck tonight. A Supreme Court justice, a White House secretary, and an attaché from the British Embassy."

The headwaiter greeted them profusely.

"Haven't seen you for a long time, Mr. McHugh. We've missed you."

"Did Mr. Walters tell you to say that?"

THE gray-haired colored man hesitated. "Maybe he did—but it's the truth." He seated them at a table for two.

"Mr. Walters here tonight?" asked McHugh.

"Yes, sir, he's in."

"Bring us two old-fashioneds, two orders of cherrystones, two steaks rare, two chef salads. Tell Mr. Walters McHugh is willin'."

"Yes, sir."

McHugh eyed Elizabeth. "Can you beat that guy? It sticks in his throat to have somebody sore at him. He sent me lots of love notes this year."

"He sounds nice."

"Nice, hell. It's bad for business, having a newspaperman sore at him. He doesn't want to do anything that's bad for business."

"Show me the Supreme Court justice."

"There he is, second table from your right, facing us."

"Why, he's young! He hasn't even a beard."

"Lady, do you know what year it is? The day of the beard is past—in the Supreme Court, that is; not in the restaurant business, as you are about to see."

McHugh was glancing behind Elizabeth, and she turned just in time to look into the neat pointed red Vandyke beard of Ben Walters.

"This lady," said McHugh airily, "was bemoaning the absence of a beard on the justice over there. You've arrived just in time to soothe her. Miss Neff, meet Mr. Walters."

"Ah-ah, McHugh." Ben Walters' full red lips parted in a smile to show a row of square ivory-colored teeth. From where she was sitting Elizabeth could look up at his round puffing cheeks, his snub nose with the round nostrils and the red tufts of hair showing in them. Then as he sat down at their table and his face came down to a level with her own, she saw that his blue eyes were round too.

(*Continued on page 56*)

Was Count Herlecki hypnotizing one of America's richest girls into marrying him? Who was the ruthless killer who led Dr. King Kilgore and his clever secretary, Penelope Ives, along a perilous trail marked with murders and strange horrors? For the answers read

IN NO MAN'S HAT

By Margaret Vogdes and Edwin Rutt

It's a chilling, thrilling mystery novel abridged to one evening's reading time.

Coming Next Week

The UNVANQUISHED

A Novel By HOWARD FAST

THIS is the story of a man and a few tattered thousands who somehow, out of desperation, defeat, and despair, found the strength to become a commander and an army—and to make the ideal of political liberty an established fact. The man was George Washington; the tattered thousands, the Continental Army.

Told without glitter or gilt, revealing the inner strength of these rugged, simple men who fought because the need for freedom lived in their hearts, it adds more to their glory than any praise we could heap upon them.

It shows that they were men like any of us—and all of us—and they were great because they believed in and fought for a great principle.

A Liberty BOOK

ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING

WITH the heat running like warm water from the sides of the room, backed by three closed windows and a closed door, he slept badly and restlessly.

The gray dawn crept in and revealed him, awake and sitting up in the tangled disarray of his bed. His linen nightshirt had wrinkled and twisted itself up above his knees, and his long bony legs stuck out like the props of a scarecrow. His pock-marked face was haggard, he looked older than he was, and incredibly thin.

He stretched and yawned before he went to a window and threw it open. The day was hot with the sickening wet heat that was the prize of New York City and no other place in all the land.

"It will rain," he told himself; for out of the east came the faintest rumbling of angry storm clouds; and he was sleepy enough to think no more of it than that.

Then the thunder came in staccato bursts that forecast ruin instead of rain; and the big man, awake now, called, "Billy! Billy!" And the colored man came running.

Dressing himself with Billy's aid, he was suddenly calm. His long, skinny body assumed more human proportions as the huge knobs of bone disappeared under the broadcloth and linen. His thin red hair was combed from its disarray flat back against his head. Only his tired gray eyes remained to tell of the restless night. If he heard the rumbling thunder now, the apprehensions it evoked were tight-locked under his uniform.

"Two gentlemen waiting," the colored man said.

"How long? Why didn't you wake me, Billy?"

"Just a few minutes, sir."

The big, bony, stooping man, fully dressed now in a buff-and-blue uniform, left the bedroom. As he entered another room which he called his office, he straightened up and threw back his shoulders with a visible effort.

That same buff-and-blue uniform had made a stir in Philadelphia something over a year ago. A tall, tall man, long-faced, shy, had sat down with the Second Continental Congress, wrapped in his buff and blue and in the deepest mantle of silence. Every one else wanted to talk,

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and every one else did talk. Things were moving; it was revolution, and the world was dropping into pieces, and the pieces had to be sorted out.

And in all the crazy riot of talk the tall man in buff and blue said nothing.

"Who is he?" a member from Massachusetts asked.

"He's a farmer from Virginia. His name's Washington."

And John Adams told his cousin Sam, "I like him. He knows how to keep a still tongue."

"Maybe he's got nothing to say," Sam suggested.

"No—people who have nothing to say spend all their time talking about it," John said. "That man Washington, he's said nothing and he's chairman of four military committees. Nobody ever heard of George Washington of Virginia, but they look at the uniform and they look at the way he holds his head and they hear how much money he's worth, and then they vote for him without thinking any more about it."

"How much is he worth?" Sam asked.

"As much as any man in America."

Sam grinned and said, "Commander in chief?"

"Why not?"

"Some won't like it," Sam Adams said slowly.

"The North won't like it, but the South will. We already have the North, and now we need the South. I'm going to nominate this Washington."

And now, nominated, appointed more than a year, this tall forty-four-year-old planter, fox hunter, farmer, still found it difficult to think of himself as a general.

WITH a curt nod he greeted the two men who were waiting for him, noted quickly their fear. They hadn't slept either; their eyes and their faces were dirty and their clothes were limp with sweat. They were from General Putnam, they told him.

"Billy," he said, "get these gentlemen something to drink." And he told them, "Sit down, gentlemen."

His judgment was quick and certain and damning, because they were afraid, one of them a boy of eighteen or nineteen and the other a sallow man in his thirties. The big man thought: What am I looking at? A lieutenant and a captain, or a major and a colonel? His army! They were Yankees with clumsy movements and nasal New England accents, and he had to cover his contempt by staring at the grained wood of the table where he sat. He had a physical abhorrence of physical fear. He had always been a sickly man, and he had the sickly man's intimate knowledge of death; fear to him was real and terrible, and for that reason, being almost without the habit of introspection, he despised fear in others.

Fear slid from their lips as they poured out their story. They had come over from Brooklyn. They had rowed across in a skiff. They couldn't get a boatman. The younger one began to blubber; you would think with a message from General Putnam, they could get some one to row the boat.

"When was that?" the big man cried. "When did it start, you fools? Answer me!" He pulled out his watch; it was six o'clock.

That was what the younger one was trying to tell him, blubbering that they couldn't get a boatman, that they had to row themselves. The older man thrust out his palms in proof and showed the blisters. He hadn't enlisted to row a boat; he wasn't a sailor.

"Get out of here!" the fox hunter roared. "Both of you—get out of here!"

He sat at the table while Billy brought in some breakfast, while through the open window came the distant rumble of cannon.

HE shouldn't have lost his temper at those two, he told himself. His temper was a hot iron on hairsprings, an outpouring of all the inhibitions bound up so tightly inside of him. It was something he had wheedled and coaxed and beaten all of his life; and until he had come up here to the North to take command of the army, he had believed it under control, flung back, hammered down and tight in chains.

At first the pride of getting the command was everything and all, and he remembered telling his wife, "Patsy, they've given it to me, all of it. I don't know why, but they've given it to me. To me, do you understand?"

Then he added, "I'm not the man for it, Patsy—why should they have given it to me?"

But he was proud, no longer a fox hunter, but something else. He was proud, exultant, so big, strong, and splendid that nobody looking at him could doubt that he was the right man.

Then he saw his army. Before, as he pictured the army that was to be his and to fight for the independence of the colonies, he had seen many thousands of orderly men in orderly uniforms. They would wheel and march and attack and retreat and charge and fire just as an army should, and he in his buff-and-blue uniform would ride at their front.

But these Yankees outside of Boston, the men who were his army, hadn't a uniform to a regiment, and aside from eating and sleeping they were superlative at lying on their backsides and complaining.

After that his temper wore as thin as a piece of old and frayed cloth.

Now he read Putnam's message and shook his head. Putnam wanted more men. Over there in Brooklyn his army was fighting a battle, its first battle, and things were going badly. And he sat with nothing to do, no thoughts, no solutions, only the dreadful horror of a person caught in a trap of his own making.

From Boston, after the British fleet had given up the city and sailed away, the big Virginian marched his army down to New York. At the time that had seemed like an obvious thing to do. Placed like a gate at the mouth of the Hudson, New York was the key to the whole colonial situation, and who controlled New York might control America. Or, at least, so the fox hunter had thought. And he had on his side the Congress, who wanted the city held. And he had twenty thousand men—Yankees, for the most part, slovenly, shambling rabble of militia, but still they were an army.

And now Putnam had sent him a message for more men, all of it working out in the worst possible way, half of his army in Brooklyn, trapped by the British, who had sailed around Long Island; another part here in New York, waiting to be trapped.

He knew now, this morning, August 27, 1776, that he had made a tragic mistake in trying to defend Brooklyn.

About three o'clock in the morning the British began their advance. They had twenty thousand men on Long Island, a good part of them German mercenaries, altogether the best officered, best trained fighting force in the world at the time. There were less than ten thousand American colonials facing them on Brooklyn Heights, a rabble of militia that had only one thought in common, the desire to go home as soon as possible.

General Nathanael Greene, whom the Virginian had placed in command, lay in bed with a raging fever. Greene was only thirty-four years old. He was young, but the whole army was young—boys who wanted to show the world what dreams they had. But Greene was sick, and in desperation the Virginian gave the command to Putnam.

NOW, as he sent troops over, more and more of the slovenly high-voiced Yankees, with their baby-faced commanders, he was in a frenzy of apprehension that the British left on Staten Island might attack his depleted Manhattan garrison.

He still prayed to God that he might win the battle, the very first battle, the initial test of George Washington, commander in chief.

He didn't know the full story of the disaster until he had crossed the river and got to Brooklyn himself, and then the battle was almost over. His face remained as placid as a death mask when they told him what had happened to two of his generals, Stirling and Sullivan.

They held the front where the German mercenaries advanced in frontal attack, marching knee-deep through the drifting mists of the morning, their green uniforms blending in with the trees and bushes, their drums playing, their bright bayonets dipping and sparkling.

"Hessians," the Yankees said. The farm-bred boys gripped their guns with wet palms. Along with their unreasoning hatred for the Germans was an aching fear.

Still they would have made a stand, tried to make one, except that suddenly, from behind them, sounded the drums of the redcoats. They tried to stand up before the Germans, and volleys from the redcoats slashed into their backs. They tried to retreat, and the columns in red drove them back into the arms of the Germans.

These Yankee lads had never fought in any battle before, except the few of them who made the stand at Bunker Hill. They had never killed or been killed. The leisurely wash of their lives had rolled gently around many boxlike white village churches in many New England towns; and for all the times they had sat in taverns and talked of freedom, they were paying now.

They ran every which way, and the Germans yelled and laughed and ran after them, hunted them out and dragged them along, shouting, "Yonkee! Yonkee!"

The hell went on for hours, and while it raged, General Sullivan and General Stirling were captured.

"We're done," his officers tried to make the Virginian understand. "All done, all finished, all done—"

He went up to the top of a hill, where he could watch the battle complete itself, and he knew that they were right, that the impossible scheme had played itself out.

It was not the first time the Virginian had lost. The whole warp and woof of his life was woven with losses and disappointments and unfulfilled dreams. Inside he suffered minutely over minute things; his humility was real because it evidenced itself not in a complex of inferiority, but in an understanding of inferiority. He, who placed courage above all virtues, knew his own cowardice; he, to whom love was as necessary as the air he breathed, had lost the only woman he ever loved; he, who wanted the affection of all men, had never had a real friend; his heart went out to every child he had ever seen, yet he never had children of his own; he worshiped learning because he knew his own ignorance, and how painful and involved were the workings of his mind. His love and lust for life were matched only by the thin thread which connected him with life, and his long, frail body lingered constantly at the edge of darkness.

As night fell, he walked up and down behind the lines, asking only one question of the broken men who came to him: "How many have we lost?"

They didn't know. Whole regiments had vanished. Some said a thousand were lost; others said fifteen hundred; others said three thousand.

General Putnam said, "Whatever it is, we're hurt sore."

The commander in chief nodded his agreement, and Putnam marveled that a man could be composed of so little blood and so much rock and steel. Putnam thought it would be better if he would curse just a little.

"It will be dark soon; and suppose they attack again, after it's dark—"

"They may," the fox hunter agreed.

"But my God Almighty, sir," Putnam said shrilly, "we're in no condition to resist another attack!"

The fox hunter turned his cold gray eyes on the general. "If they attack, we will fight again," he said. "It's important for them to understand that we will fight again. The battle isn't over, general."

The Virginian resumed his walk, telling himself again and again that the battle was not over, but knowing, after he had fumbled sufficiently in his memory, that somehow for him, for George Washington, things were always the same, that dignity was not competence, that the ability to make foolish youngsters love a gangling farmer was not the virtue of a commander in chief. Now his army was cut to pieces, strewn about with their backs to the water. Still there must be something now; even when things came to an end, men struggled before they died. He had to walk back and forth and force his wits to function, since there was no one else who had any wits about him at all.

They were all watching him. Through the gathering dusk he could see the hundreds of white faces turned toward him, and out of the intermittent drumming of cannon he could hear their whispering. He was General George Washington of Virginia, and you could tell by his walk that he had something up his sleeve.

NO one would ever know what it had cost him to maintain that calm all afternoon and evening, while he wrestled with his problem. He had placed before himself a choice of three courses of action. Three there were, and no more.

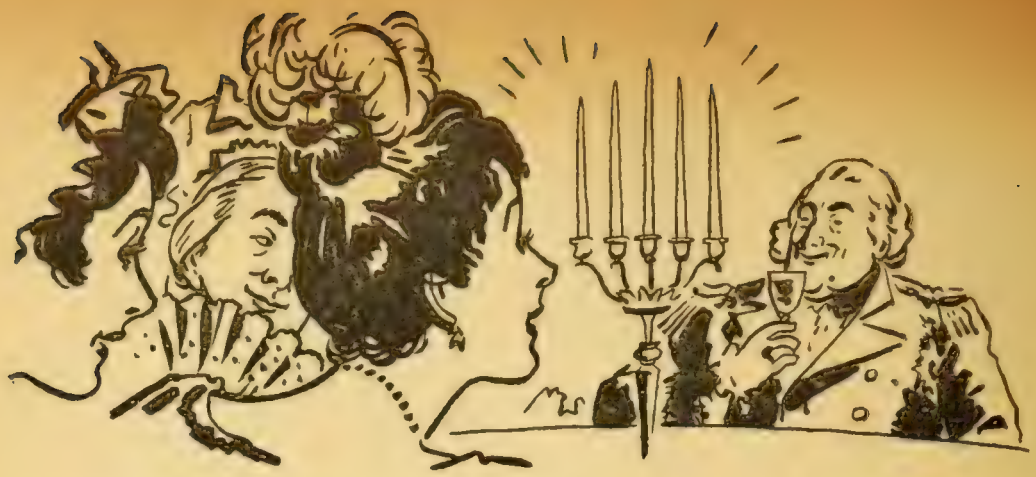
The first, the easiest, was surrender. But this, the obvious way, never fully reached his consciousness. Death would be the same sort of surrender, but he would not yet admit to himself that nothing remained but to die.

The second alternative was to fight. Some of the officers, men like Knox and Putnam and Carter and Dee, would follow him into hell. But a handful of officers cannot win a battle. The army itself would break at the first British charge and run screaming from the merciless bayonets of the straw-haired Germans.

One alternative remained—retreat. Retreat would save his army, at least until the British had reorganized to attack the island of Manhattan. Retreat might give him a chance to rally his men, to unite with brigades he had left to defend the city. Of the three courses, retreat was the only one which he could consider reasonably—and the only one which was utterly impossible.

For one thing, there was certainly no time to make preparations to evacuate an army which still numbered thousands of men. It was dark now, and the confusion of the stricken battlefield had been replaced by the confusion of the hopeless camp. The only thing that kept them at their barricades at all was the knowledge that the river lay at their backs, that there was no place to go. Whisper the word retreat, and the brigades would claw and fight to be the first at the water's edge.

For another thing, there were no boats. And if there were boats, who could row them and keep calm and steady under fire?



He saw the officers of his staff standing around him, and realized that he had been pacing back and forth in that way for hours.

"Sir, have something to eat," Knox pleaded.

Knox was chief of American artillery, a fat, red-cheeked boy of twenty-six, who before the war had been a bookseller. The fox hunter was as a god in his eyes.

"Yes, of course," the Virginian answered. "Have you eaten, Harry?"

"Sir? Yes, I ate, sir."

"Stew?"

"But good, sir, very good, sir," the fat bookseller nodded. "And wine—I saved a bottle."

He managed to smile and nod; and given that signal of his inner peace, they crowded close to him and led him away. He saw how eager they were to be next to him, to brush his hand with one of theirs, to take comfort from his big handsome figure. They were only boys, and they were frightened and heartsick, and he was so calm and assured that they were sure he held the solution for all their woes in his tightly clenched fist.

BEFORE dawn the next morning, word was brought to the fox hunter that General Mifflin was bringing reinforcements from New York.

It was raining in earnest when the Virginian reached the river front. He kept his face impassive, but his hand was trembling as he shook hands with Mifflin.

"Three regiments, sir," Mifflin said proudly. "I heard there was rough going yesterday."

The Virginian nodded. He knew he hadn't the courage to tell Mifflin to send his men back to New York. He could not let him know that they were coming to their death because the commander in chief had not the strength of mind to give up what he had already lost. So he stood there silently, watching the troops disembark.

There was a sense of order evident, the first bit of actual order he had seen since he came to Brooklyn. The boats were sliding back and forth smoothly and expertly, and the men at the oars rowed as if they had done nothing but row all their lives. So fascinated was he by this performance that he allowed the imperturbable mask of his face to drop for a moment, long enough for Mifflin to note the expression and nod proudly.

"They know about boats," Mifflin said.

"Who are they?" the fox hunter asked.

"Glover's regiment, Marblehead fishermen. Maybe they can't fight, but they know about boats—they should; they've been fishermen all along."

"Fishermen," the fox hunter said softly. "How many are there?"

"Six or seven hundred."

His mind was plodding down a maze that might lead out of ruin. But he told himself doggedly, "I must do it alone, alone."

For the first time in his life he attempted the task of crawling into the minds of little, frightened men. He must plan a retreat, a retreat which the rain had given one single, slim chance of success, yet he alone out of the whole army must know that retreat was contemplated. If any one else knew, the terror of the defeated army would turn into panic.

Wherever the commander in chief stood, a knot of officers gathered. Now they crouched in an impatient circle, waiting for him to come out of the rain.

"I don't think they'll attack today," Putnam observed, not sagacious but sourly aware of rheumatism. "Why should they fight in the rain when they can sit in their tents and wait for the weather to clear?"

Nobody wanted to suggest retreat, yet it was the prime thought in the minds of each. They stared at the Virginian expectantly, and he braced himself.

"We won't retreat, gentlemen," he told them.

Now their faces said that he had gone insane.

"We are going to bring over reinforcements," he informed them quietly, "and we are going to take our sick and wounded back to New York. Today I want you to gather every boat on this river, every barge or skiff or scow. I want them all brought here, to the Brooklyn shore. I want you, Colonel Glover, to keep your fishermen here, on the river front—do you understand?"

Then, weak, tired, but, in a subtle way he had never known before, triumphant, he shouldered through them and walked back to the entrenchments.

Hours passed while he sat in his tent and listened to the rain. There was nothing to do but think; at least twenty-four hours would have to pass before the boats began to arrive in any sort of quantity.

He realized that sooner or later he would have to divulge his plan to his officers. No one man, alone, could put into effect the retreat of an army of thousands. Still, at this moment, there was nothing to do, and the very fact of his sitting quietly in his tent would reassure the army. The boys who were his officers could not match his patience; every five minutes one of them would thrust his head into the tent. The commander sat at a little camp table, writing calmly, and the boy would whistle and go back to tell the others what he had seen.

"He looked up at me."

"Yes?"

"And didn't say a word; just looked at me."

"Annoyed?"

"No—I wouldn't say that. Maybe a wee bit amused."

"Glory, he's a cool one!"

IN the wet dismal dawn of the following day he sat in his tent with Knox and Putnam and Mifflin. Putnam and Mifflin sat together on the sway-backed bed; the fox hunter sat at his rickety camp table, and Knox on a low ammunition box with a pewter pitcher of stale beer between his legs.

"What are you waiting for?" Mifflin demanded.

"Loggerhead," Knox said, drawing in his huge stomach and regarding the beer intently.

"Put in the rum and molasses."

"When the loggerhead comes," Knox said patiently.

"What the devil's the difference?"

"It's the only way. Otherwise you spoil it."

The Virginian tapped his long fingers on the table. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "the flip can wait."

"Sorry, sir," Knox said.

"We're going to retreat," the Virginian said. His voice was humble, almost pleading.

They stared at him bewilderedly. Mifflin muttered, "I can't understand that, sir, about retreat. I brought over my men. Why shouldn't we fight?"

"There's nothing else," the Virginian said. "The men won't fight—God knows if they ever will. And if the British sail up the river, that's the end of it. It's better to have an army that won't fight than no army at all."

"Sir, if you tell them to retreat," Knox said, "it'll be worse."

"We won't tell them," the big man replied. "After dark tonight, order certain regiments to be relieved, one by one. Each to think the rest are holding the line. Maybe that way most can be taken out of this." . . .

He was astonished to discover how well the scheme worked. Each regiment, believing that it alone was to be relieved, crept down to the river front in the deepest silence. One after another the regiments came, all through the night, and were herded into the boats.

ON August 29 the burghers of New York City had gone to sleep with the comforting knowledge that the patriot army was somewhere else. And these good men, solid men, who knew the price of things and minded their own business, asked only one thing of the patriot army—that it be somewhere else.

When they woke up on August 30, they discovered to their horror and dismay that the army of liberty had returned, a bedraggled, crawling thing that occupied the city in silence and misery.

Through the morning and most of the afternoon the army slept, in whatever dark corners they could find. But toward evening they began to awake and their courage returned to some degree. They stormed the taverns, and with a mug or two of flip under their belts they became heroes. There was not a man among them who had not killed his share and more than his share of the cowardly British, and what they had done to the Hessians was something for their grandchildren to hear. They cursed the Virginia squire who had mismanaged everything, and they said what a damned fortunate thing it was he had men he could depend on. As more flip flowed into their bellies, their boasting turned into a desire for action, and bands of Yankees set out to find some of the damned Virginians, and Maryland men set out to break some Rhode Island heads, and Down Easters swore they would make New York a hell spot for any filthy tidewater aristocrats they could find.

Pitched battles raged, and cobblestones and clubbed muskets left broken heads behind. With brigades scattered through the narrow streets, with drunkards lost, with deserters racing like mad for the wooded hills of Harlem Heights, the situation was well-nigh hopeless.

Yet the baby-faced officers persevered, and presently, as the night wore on, some sort of order came into being. And later, once more, the army of liberty slept. . . .

A dozen or so officers sat crowded close to the round table. The Virginian had summoned them to talk about the retreat, the future, and the revolution: Knox and Putnam and Mercer and Mifflin and Spencer—and others, generals, major generals, colonels, and the boy captain of artillery, Alexander Hamilton, who could write so well, sitting to one side with his open notebook on his knee, his own nineteen years slightly in awe of these men in their late twenties and early thirties.

When they first gathered at the table, the commander in chief had not yet appeared. He sat in his bedroom, painfully composing a message to the army which had been so miraculously restored to him. He had a love of words that verged upon humble supplication, yet always words eluded him. He could not transpose emotion into letters; if the world fell on him, he could only report that there was a disturbance, and if his heart was breaking, it made him ashamed and self-conscious to say he was somewhat uneasy.

It was difficult enough to compose what he believed, but now for an hour he had written and scratched out a mockery of the truth, finishing with something he hardly dared to read through.

"They'll laugh," he told himself. He made up his mind that if they laughed, he would not trust himself to words, but just stare at them with an even glance.

He made his deliberate entrance, his six feet two and a half inches stiff as a ramrod. After toasts had been drunk, he sat for the most part in silence, letting them talk as they wished. What he wanted was retreat, constant retreat, long, hard marches that would never allow his men to stay for a moment in one place, never allow them to think, to desert.

Yet he knew it was impossible. Congress had made him commander in chief to fight battles, and to fight battles they had given him an army of Yankee children.

"We're safe enough," Knox was saying. "An island's like a good fort: you can hold it forever."

"And we're like to be here forever."

"I say to hell with all that and burn the town, and get out and leave them the ashes."

"Burn it?"

"Burn it! That's what I say. Burn it!"

"I live here, sir!"

Scorn and hate and bickering destroyed the warmth of the toasts, and chairs were pushed back.

"Gentlemen," the big man said.

Then they sat in silence while their commander told them he had wanted to burn New York, but Congress forbade it, and he would hear no more on the merit or lack of merit in any Congressional policy.

"Retreat, sir?"

He shook his head. "We'll try to hold some of the city," he said.

They looked at him perplexedly. Was this another of his tricks? He had been damned clever at Brooklyn.

Mifflin, a little drunk, said, "Whatever comes, we can hold Fort Washington—we can hold it until hell freezes over!" And then there was a moment of silence, for the fort was his own, the first place in all the broad miles of America called Washington.

"We can hold Fort Washington," Knox said shyly, stressing the name. And the others nodded.

He felt that he could not bear much more of this; his life had been with his kind, Virginians and aristocrats, not Yankee boys; he had never been loved. Respected, admired, but not loved. Still, there was a heady sort of joy in knowing that they would follow him anywhere, to hell if necessary, but anywhere he chose to lead.

"You will form your brigades," he said. "You will take away whatever they have stolen. I have written out an order for the men—to encourage their spirits and to give them some feeling of devotion. I will read it to you now, and then I will have my secretary make copies for you to read to your brigades tomorrow. Here is the order:

" 'Now, our whole Army is collected together, without water intervening, while the Enemy can receive little assistance from their ships; their Army is and must be divided into many bodies . . . whereas ours is connected and can get together; they must effect a landing, under so many disadvantages, that if officers and soldiers are vigilant, and alert, to prevent surprise, and add spirit when they approach, there is no doubt of our success.

" 'The General hopes the several officers, both superior and inferior, will now exert themselves, and gloriously determine to conquer, or die— From the justice of our cause—the situation of the harbor, and the bravery of her sons, America can only expect success. Now is the time for every man to exert himself, and to make our country glorious, or it will become contemptible.' "

He had finished speaking, and he stared straight ahead, waiting for them to laugh. No one laughed. He looked slowly at Knox, whose eyes were filled with tears.

RIDING from the little cluster of houses that was called New York, a country village on the southern tip of Manhattan Island, up to his headquarters in Harlem, on the Saturday afternoon of

September 14, the Virginia squire reviewed the events of the past two weeks. All in all, he had not done badly; and he reflected with some satisfaction that the defeated rabble which had fled so miserably from Brooklyn Heights had once again some semblance of an army.

He had regrouped his forces into three divisions, one under the command of old Putnam, assigned to hold the city itself, another under Heath to hold the northern bottleneck of Kingsbridge, and the third under Spencer to hold the body of Manhattan in between.

Now, in the autumn afternoon, the Virginian felt exhilarated and not at all disposed toward worry.

Along with him there rode a troop of about a dozen light horse, one of the few cavalry units in his army, fat Colonel Knox, young Aaron Burr, sent along by Putnam to accompany the commander in chief back to his headquarters, and a Lieutenant Grayson and a Captain Hardy.

The house which the Virginian had selected for his headquarters was a graceful white Georgian structure. It had belonged to Captain Roger Morris, who had prudently gone to England to await the ignoble end of the miserable rebellion. In his absence, Washington had taken over the house, ostensibly because it was more or less centrally located, about three miles south of Kingsbridge and nine miles north of the city; actually because, sitting as it did on a grassy lawn over the Harlem River, it was another Mount Vernon.

He arrived there late that night, and remarked cheerfully to his secretary, Robert Harrison, that he was glad the next day was Sunday and that he could look forward to a day of rest.

THERE was little enough rest. In the inky blackness of the night the British crossed the East River from Long Island to a section about four miles north of the lower tip of Manhattan.

When the gray of dawn unfolded the darkness, some two thousand Connecticut troops who had been sent by Spencer to make breastworks against a British landing saw four mighty ships of the line anchored prow to stern with broadsides facing them, guns rolled out, and gunners standing by. And beneath the guns, along the whole line of the ships, were boats full of British marines.

The four ships became roaring furnaces of destruction as the combined broadsides were discharged into the American lines. The boats of the marines nosed out of the smoke and the redcoats leaped out, formed, and marched for the shore. Inland, over the fields, a column of green-clad Hessians came marching in close order.

The Yankees stood it and died, but their position was hopeless. They tried to flee; they cast about desperately; behind them were the marines, in front the Germans. And in their ears, punctuating their own screams and mocking their pain, came that horrible Hessian roar: "Yonkee! Yonkee! Yonkee!" . . .

In the town of New York, which was garrisoned with five thousand men, for the most part New Jersey and Pennsylvania militia, General Israel Putnam was awakened that Sunday morning by the thundering British broadsides.

He struggled into his clothes, ran outside, and found that his militia were already in a turmoil. Aaron Burr hung over his lathered horse in front of Putnam's headquarters and told the old man what he knew.

"They've landed!"

"British?"

"Hessians, too—on both sides of the island."

"How many?"

"I don't know," Burr cried hoarsely. "Thousands, I guess."

Afterward, for long years, Burr had a silent, bitter scorn of those who said glibly, "Retreat is easy." He knew that it was easy to advance, but a man is dying when he retreats, and it's not easy to die. Only for a few minutes was there anything orderly or self-possessed about the Pennsylvania and New Jersey men. Then they pressed forward, and soon they were running, and soon they broke out of the city, and then almost all of the five thousand were swarming north in a wild panic.

From his headquarters Washington rode four miles, lashing his beast heartlessly, before he saw the first and fleetest of the panic-stricken army. He pulled in his horse and tried to talk to them; he rode slowly across their front, but there was no recognition in their blank eyes. They ran on. One fired at him.

He yelled at them, "Halt!"

They swarmed past him.

"You know who I am! I'm your commander! I'm your general! Halt! Use your guns!"

They swarmed on, like rabbits driven by dogs.

He rode among them, lashing until the quirt was torn from his hand. He drew his pistols, but the guns missed fire, soaked as they were with sweat. He flung the pistols at them. He drew his sword. He rode among them, cutting, slashing, screaming at the top of his lungs, pleading, begging, slashing again—but they ran on. He rushed across the fields like a demon. His voice screamed and raged until it cracked.

And then he no longer urged his horse, but sat there without moving while they fled past him. The sword dropped from his loose fingers.

He saw the column of British coming, marching smartly, only a few hundred yards away, the marines like red ribbons fluttering where there was no wind. Yet he didn't move; it seemed to him that he was suspended in a void; he felt that he was dead.

He saw Mifflin next to him and heard Mifflin's voice as from a great distance: "Come away, sir, please."

He gave Mifflin the reins and allowed his horse to be led away. It didn't matter that the British were firing at him. Nothing mattered. . . .

By the time General Howe had landed a substantial amount of his troops in New York City, there was not a hale Continental to be seen, only the sick and wounded, packed into the churches and synagogues.

The weather was very hot, and the portly Howe was very uncomfortable when the scarlet column finally got under way and out of the town.

At mid-day an officer of the light infantry came riding to meet the column, saluted, and gave Howe more details of the Americans' flight.

"We can have them all before night," he said eagerly.

"How many would you say?" Howe asked, not with too much interest.

"Ten thousand, perhaps, here on the island."

"A good catch," Howe sighed, wiping his brow.

"If you'll only hurry, sir!"

"There's time enough."

His eye was on the pleasant Georgian house set back about two hundred yards from the road; and on the veranda, where three ladies sat and fanned themselves.

"I think they'll offer us a drink," he said, spurring his horse forward. "Have the columns halt."

AT dinnertime, General Howe protested, "No, no—you've been too gracious, Mrs. Murray, but we are uninvited guests."

"But you can't know how secure we've felt since you're here," Miss Penrose insisted.

"One is fighting a war," General Howe said. "Not a very pleasant business, but a man's duty."

"But you said yourself that the war was over this morning," Mrs. Murray pointed out.

The butler brought the general his fifth bottle of claret.

Meanwhile the last fleeing American had passed on north and found refuge behind the lines at Harlem. . . .

The rain had come with darkness after that sultry September day. It came strong and keen and cold and lashing, but it meant respite. It gave the beaten Yankees a chance to crawl through the American lines at Harlem and to lie shivering, without tents, even without clothes, in the drenching downpour.

This American line, manned by Mifflin's brigades, by Massachusetts men, Marblehead fishermen, Boston militia, Middlesex farmers, still held firm. The entrenchments had been built on the northern slope of a deep and nar-

row valley that cuts the island two thirds of the way from its southern tip. Deep and narrow at Claremont on the Hudson, broadening out as it approached the East River, it was called at that time the Hollow Way. It was a good position, even for a shattered army, for to make an attack the British would have to come pouring down one slope, cross the bottom of the valley, and climb the other slope. All the afternoon and evening of September 15, frightened Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania militiamen had staggered into the Hollow Way and found security behind the Massachusetts entrenchments.

The Virginian was up a little before dawn, as was his custom, and now he sat at the breakfast table eating pancakes and honey and listening to Adjutant General Reed, who was full to the neck with information gathered by a patrol sent to investigate the British movements.

The day before, Reed had done nothing, only watch the gathering ruin and cringe inside of himself and bite his full rounded lips. Then, very early in the morning, when men stunned into impotence the day before could think of nothing and therefore did nothing, he selected the most reliable body of men he could find and sent them to discover where the British were and what they intended to do.

This patrol was led by a man called Thomas Knowlton, a Yankee who had not been convinced at Brooklyn Heights that all Yankees were cowards. There he had been with Connecticut troops, and, not running away himself, was amazed to find a number of other men had duplicated his feat of not running away.

The only thing he thought of after that was that if he got together a group of men who would not run away every time a gun was fired, they would be worth something. This was the patrol which Reed had sent out.

NOW, sitting across the table from his commander, he pleaded his cause earnestly.

"Don't you see, sir," he said, "the redcoats know we are beaten, if you'll forgive me, but they know it, they know it!"

The big man looked at his adjutant stonily. "I don't have to be reminded of that, Mr. Reed," he said.

"But that's the point, sir, that they know it! If we hit at them now, they go reeling back."

The big man shook his head listlessly, and in answer to his unspoken words, Reed cried, "But we can fight, sir!"

"No, Mr. Reed, we can't fight. We can't even run away—decently."

The adjutant spread his hands and admitted his defeat. "I'm sorry, sir. I was wrong; I concede it," he said. "But what about the patrol?"

"They will come back," the big man said dully. "They have legs to run with, so they will come back."

They rode down from the Morris house to the lines at the Hollow Way, where they met Mifflin. Because it was better to move than to stay still, the Virginian had walked his horse through the front line of his entrenchments, through the spread of dirty New Englanders and midlanders and over the bottom of the Hollow Way. Reed and Mifflin followed him. They had started up the slope that led to Morningside Heights, when they heard the splutter of musket fire sounding from what might have been a mile's distance.

Reed cried, "That's Knowlton's patrol, sir. They've made some contact, and now they can draw them on."

The big man didn't move. The sound, which once would have vitalized him with energy, left him undisturbed and uninterested, listening to without hearing Reed's proposals to draw the British into a trap, to reinforce the patrol Knowlton led. The first of Knowlton's men appeared through the brush and woods. They were not running, but walking backward with measured steps, their pieces in their hands, without panic or haste or disorder. Some were wounded, limping along with their arms over comrades' shoulders, and others were carried. Knowlton himself appeared, huge, bearlike, grinning, and waving at Reed, until he noticed the commander in chief. The little patrol gathered itself together and began to move at a run to where the three generals sat.

And at that moment a view halloo came winging down from the heights.

It was the last, bitterest thrust. It cut into the Virginia fox hunter, because he knew it was meant for him; it sang merrily over the bright air, canting from a half-dozen trumpets:

A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
We'll catch a fox and put him in a box,
And then we'll let him go.

Behind the screen of woods in the fields and meadows of Morningside Heights the gentlemen, the bloods and snobs and macaronies, were having a game, a game inspired by their own rapier-like British sense of humor, a game measured to hit precisely what it was aimed at, a fox-hunting backwoodsman, a provincial who in his own way had dared to consider himself something of a gentleman.

He would understand it, if no one else in the army did; he would know how they had destroyed his wretched mockery of revolution by turning it into a fox hunt, by gaily finishing it in a sporting fashion.

He had leaped off his horse and had his big hand tangled in the jacket of the startled Knowlton. "Tell me, Yankee," he roared, "are you afraid?"

"By God, no, sir!"

"Not of me, not of them?"

"I'm not afraid of anything on God's green earth," Knowlton said coolly.

"Could you lead a party down the valley to the left of here and scale the eastern side of the heights—and come in behind those—fox hunters?"

"I could try it," Knowlton grinned.

"Then try! Reed, go with him! Take a regiment—take Weedon's Virginia men and Major Leitch! And remember, behind them—not a fox hunt, a bear trap!"

Reed waited to hear no more; he was off, spurring his horse back to the lines to pick up the Virginians.

The fox hunter turned on Mifflin and pointed toward where the gorge opened on the river. "I want a frontal attack in that direction," he said curtly.

"A frontal attack?" Mifflin asked stupidly.

"General, do I have to repeat a thing twenty times to get it into your head? I want a diversion; I want a few hundred Yankees, if you can find that many to hold their guns and shoot them off, to advance on the southern slope. For at least a half hour; after that they can run away!"

Mifflin nodded and swung away; his emotions were a tangle of rage and joy.

KNOWLTON led his Connecticut men and Leitch his Virginians up the glacial outcroppings that frosted the eastern edge of Morningside Heights. They had not begun their climb far enough south of the Hollow Way; instead of coming in behind the British, they topped the cliff and blundered square into the flank of a column of Hessians, cautiously feeling their way toward the American lines.

A German officer happened to be looking at the cliff edge when Major Leitch placed both palms on a rock and drew himself up to ground level.

"Was ist das?" the German cried.

Leitch roared like a trapped bull. Knowlton vaulted up beside him, and the Virginia and Connecticut men followed, cutting hands and faces on the rocks in their mad haste to reach the top.

The cry, "Yonkee, Yonkee!" was running down the line of Jagers. An officer spurred up on his horse and yelled: *"An die Gewehre!"*

Precise as dolls hung on strings, the Germans halted, presented arms, and revolved into a wide formation. Still roaring, Leitch raised his pistol, aimed at the officer who had first seen him, and shot him through the heart.

A blaze of musketry crashed into the faces of the Americans. Three bullets, two in the belly and one in the hip, stilled Major Leitch's roaring; he rolled on his face and groaned and bled out his life. Knowlton, waving at his men, shouting, trying by the motions of the long arms to pull them over the cliff, received a musket ball in the temple. Reed caught him as he fell.

There was no breasting that storm of shot. With insane stubbornness, the Americans clung to the ledge, but they could not climb over onto the heights.

Reed backed down, supporting the great weight of the dying Knowlton, and with the aid of two Connecticut Rangers laid him down on a sheltered ledge of rock. In all the noise of the skirmish, Reed had to bend very low to hear what Knowlton was trying to say. It was something about the fox hunter, and pointing to the ledge, Knowlton said, "Tell him—because I was wounded, I had to stop here. Tell him I wasn't afraid—" . . .

Mifflin ordered Lieutenant Colonel Crary to take about two hundred Massachusetts Yankees and create a diversion. When the men were told off, Mifflin strode across their loose line and said to them, "You don't have to fight; there's no guts in you for that. But for one hour you're going to stand up on that hill and, so help me God, I'll kill the first man who runs away."

They stared at him sullenly.

"March!" Mifflin said.

They started off across the valley bottom, walking first, then beginning to run. They pressed into the woods, and passed over the top and a moment later a crackle of musket fire broke out.

"There is your diversion, sir," Mifflin said.

The big man waited for them to come back; he waited for them to come pouring down the slope as fast as their legs would carry them. He looked over his shoulder, and saw that all along the line of entrenchments thousands of the dirty, beaten Yankees were standing up and listening to the musketry.

The firing went on, and Mifflin said softly and incredulously, "Oh, my God, they're holding."

The Virginian stared at the slope that should have been full of fleeing men but was strangely empty.

"Damn you, Mifflin, I have ears and eyes! Get out of here!" he cried. "Take a regiment and reinforce them!"

Himself he drove up the slope to where a thin stubborn line of New Englanders crouched behind a stone wall. They had already beaten off a charge of dragoons, and now they mutely faced a column of light infantry that was marching down on them.

He pulled in his horse just behind them and stared at the Yankees as though they were men from another world. The Yankees turned to look at him, but only a few officers saluted; they didn't cheer at the sight of the commander. And he gave no orders and said nothing.

The light infantry came nearer. They were only a hundred yards away and still no shot had been fired, when Mifflin came hurrying up with the regiment. With him was Greene, still deathly pale from his long sickness but with burning eyes.

"Putnam's coming up with another five hundred, sir," he called.

There was a crashing sound farther back, and glancing over his shoulder the big man saw Knox and young Hamilton straddling a two-horse team that dragged one of their light field pieces. And in front of him, the Yankees, seeing the reinforcements come running toward them, scrambled over the stone wall and charged the British infantry. There was no order, no formation, no method, only hundreds of yelling, screaming New Englanders swarming down on the British, firing, clubbing their muskets, clawing at the bayonets with their hands, laughing, sobbing, and dying—and forcing the British back.

The Virginian followed them into it; he yelled the way they yelled; he sobbed and laughed; he knew this was no fight according to military standards and he didn't care; he cared only that he led men willing to fight.

The British had retreated almost a mile before the Yankees, when the Hessians, having put a finish to Reed's disastrous attempt to flank them and attack in the rear, swung westward and struck the American flank. At the same moment a battery opened on the other flank with grape; and two columns of redcoats, drawn by the firing, came up at double-quick to support the light infantry.

The Yankees gave back, their whole front torn and mangled, but they didn't run. They walked backward, clubbing, striking, cursing, carrying their wounded, clinging to each inch of ground until they were again at the lip of the Hollow Way; and then screamed in derision as the British refused to follow them down into the valley and chance a frontal attack on the American lines.

They had been beaten, but they hadn't run; they had held onto their guns and kept their faces to the enemy; and they were as proud as the fox hunter who sat on his horse again as straight as a ramrod, his heart choking so that he couldn't say a word to the grinning boys pressed around him.

AMONG the few in New York who did not welcome the British were the Jews—who saw their hopes and dreams flee with the tattered Yankees. Instinctively they had cast their whole fortune with the revolution. Every Jew able to bear arms had joined the insurgent army. One, a consumptive Polish-Jewish immigrant, Haym Salomon, too weak to bear arms, bared his teeth as he addressed a group of desperate plotters in his cellar, coughed blood, and swore that this was only the beginning.

With him were a Scotch river man, a fat Dutch shopkeeper, a wounded Pole who spoke almost no English, and the aging but fiery-eyed beadle of the synagogue. It was a terrible and desperate thing that Salomon was nerving himself and the others to do.

Here was a city, New York, the key to America, the finest harbor, the best anchorage; here was food and shelter and comfort, and here was the enemy. Here was the snug nest, unapproachable by land, but capable of being defended almost forever by Britain's navy; here was a poisoned thorn in the side of America.

There was one way out, a way that Washington had foreseen long since, but which Congress had forbidden, a way that every practical military observer in the colonies had known was the only way. New York must be burned,

left a heap of smoking cinders that would give comfort neither to the Tory partisans nor to the British and German invaders. If innocent people must suffer, then that was simply the price one had to pay for revolution. Revolution was not a game; it was a one-way road with inferno raging behind the men who traveled it.

"And you can't look back," Salomon broke the silence.

The Dutch shopkeeper shook his head stubbornly. "Destruction does not make a solution," he said.

"You can't look back," Salomon insisted. . . .

It was a little after midnight when, some miles to the north of New York, Robert Harrison dragged the Virginian from a sound slumber to a window that faced the glowing southern sky. For a while the two men stood there, still not fully awake, speculating upon what might have caused that wonderful unearthly glow. Harrison decided, as calmly as he could, "I would say, sir, from all indications, that New York is on fire." And then he cast a quick, keen, sidewise glance at the Virginian, to see whether the expression on the long face might denote joy or elation or disappointment. But the commander's features were incredibly placid, and all he said was, "Please see that my horse is saddled, Mr. Harrison."

LIKE a flaming meteor out of the south, General Charles Lee descended upon the beaten army that crouched on the lip of the Hollow Way. For days and weeks his coming had been anticipated; the New Englanders agreed with the Southerners upon this point—that as a soldier and a leader, Mr. Lee had everything the fox hunter lacked. And in great measure the fox hunter agreed with them, for deep in his own heart he knew only too well that as a military man Charles Lee was everything that he, George Washington, was not. His reverence for Lee was sincere and unselfish, the same reverence he had for all the world's great and brilliant men who moved ahead without doubts and fears. Constantly, in those trying days, he had written to Lee, telling him of this and that, hanging on to his replies as pearls of wisdom. And every letter from Lee only served to convince him of Lee's superiority.

And now, at last, Lee was coming here to Harlem.

It didn't matter that some of those who would follow the Virginian into hell did not share his opinion of Charles Lee, that Knox fairly bubbled with dislike of Lee, that Putnam sneered openly, that Greene said he would trust Lee with nothing that was not nailed down. They could not shake Washington's faith, the more so since he realized that their own regard for him was shaped by anything but military factors.

When Charles Lee strode into the encampment on Harlem Heights, those of the army of liberty who had never before seen him were more than a little astonished at his appearance and at the dozen dogs that yapped at his heels. He was very unusual; he was tall and fantastically skinny, with narrow sloping shoulders, no hips, tendril hands, a long nose, a small mouth, and almost no chin at all. He spoke in a high-pitched voice, blinking his eyes rapidly and affecting the "Beau Nash" drawl.

For all his unusual, almost out-of-the-world appearance, Lee was a good soldier, a far more experienced soldier than any one else in the American army. He was a soldier in the same fashion that one man is a painter and another a butcher. He never had fought for a cause or a reason or an impulse, nor to inflict wrong, nor to right one. He fought because soldiering was his trade.

When he was offered a position in America second only to the commander in chief, he demanded a thirty-thousand-dollar guaranty before he would accept. His price was high, but his bid was accepted—with the feeling among most people that at thirty thousand dollars here was a better bargain than the fox hunter, who came without price and even with the understanding that there would be no payment.

Lee had not been at the Morris house more than two hours before he demanded a council of war. His first words were a comment on the insanity of their position. He put into corrosive expression what most of them had been thinking for months, that without a powerful navy the defense of New York was utterly hopeless.

"Damn it all!" he cried. "We must get out! There's no other way to it. It's a filthy, bloody trap, and if those marvelously stupid lobsters only had the sense to put a ship up the river and turn its guns into Kingsbridge, we'd be here until hell froze over."

They knew he was right, and for that reason they snarled at him.

"We held them for weeks," Putnam growled.

And Greene pointed out, "There's no way in the world to take Fort Washington. Ten men and a battery could hold it until your hell freezes over."

"Oh, you fools!" Lee drawled. "Ten soldiers could drive your New England stench out of it in an hour."

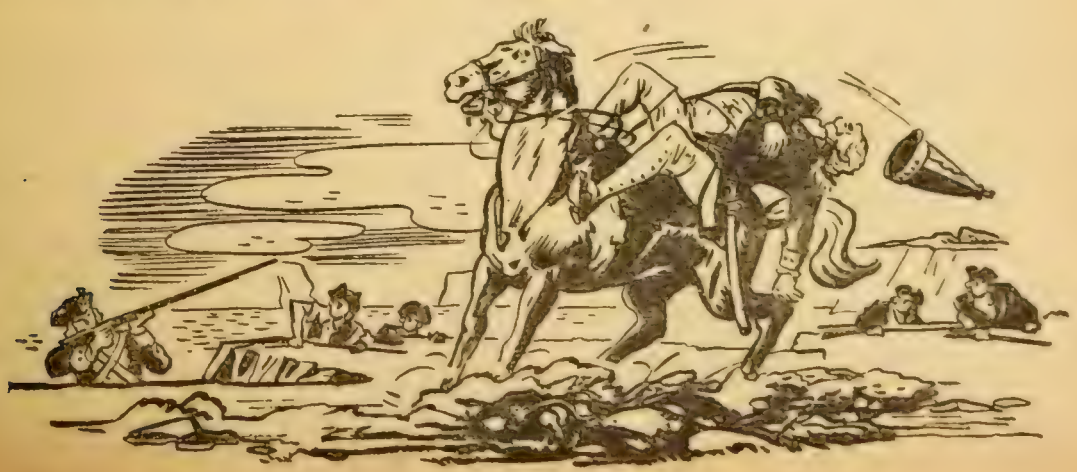
They wrangled; they almost came to blows; and through it all the big man sat without speaking.

In the end they leaned back exhausted, and the Virginian's decision, gentle after the row, came out of the shadows. "General Lee is right," he said quietly. "We can't fight—here of all places. Perhaps we can't fight anywhere. We are going to leave New York and retreat. Our way, our only way, I tell you gentlemen, is to retreat until we have made ourselves into an army. But some day, gentlemen, we will become an army, the sort of an army General Lee has had experience with, and then we will turn around—then we will not run away."

Hard on the council of war, the commander's veneration for Lee found confirmation; for the British at last did precisely what Lee had predicted they would do. They sent a force through the East River into the Sound, in a flanking attack on Westchester, an attack planned to cut off the American army and end its existence.

The flanking movement should have worked. Under cover of night and fog, British boats crept up the East River searching for an outjutting bit of land called Pell's Point. But the fog further confused their none too accurate geography, and they landed instead at Throgg's Neck, also an outjutting of the Westchester coast, but almost an island, since it was connected with the mainland by a wooden causeway.

A fourteen-year-old Dutch boy was digging clams on



the beach when he heard the British voices. His wits were keen, keen enough to send him running through the night to the camp of an Irish colonel named Hand.

And an hour later Hand's men were ripping up the causeway and yelling their peculiar Pennsylvania derision at the British.

The big man studied his map, one long finger laid on Throgg's Neck. It was a question of whether he could get his army out of New York before the British, held back by a torn-up causeway and a few muskets, returned to their boats and landed somewhere else on the Westchester shore.

Most his staff had agreed that Pell's Point would be the most likely place for a landing attempt. "If there were only five hundred more who would stand and fight," he said to himself hopelessly.

As he sat, thinking, planning, contriving, there came to his mind's eye the picture of several hundred men in blue pea jackets and stocking fishermen's hats; he was back in the desolate cul-de-sac of Brooklyn, watching the rolling unhurried gait of the Marblehead men. He had seen them with oars in their hands, and now he wondered how they would be with muskets.

He sent for Colonel Glover. The man was his own age, tightly knit, with the slight, grudging smile that his kind would permit themselves for a Southern outlander.

"Can your men fight?" the Virginian asked.

"Maybe they can."

The Virginian indicated Pell's Point on the map. "I think the British will land there," he said. "I don't want them ashore until the army is out of the island."

"Uh-huh."

"Can you do it?"

"We can try," Glover said.

"It may be twenty-four hours, or forty-eight, but I want them held until all danger of encirclement is past."

"Uh-huh," Glover nodded.

And then they shook hands, Washington's smile as thin and grudging as Glover's own. . . .

The fishermen took up their position that night, grumbling, swearing, dragging the three tiny field pieces allotted to them, stumbling through brush and briers.

When they had settled down behind the stone wall and primed their muskets, Glover lit his pipe and called up his officers for instructions. They were hard, sharp men with long faces and long noses and salt in their blood, and they were in the war because freedom for them was not an ideal but an obsession.

"Them"—Glover said, nodding at the gray haze of dawn —"will be coming from yonder."

They waited.

"We'll be a-setting here," Glover continued.

They nodded sagely.

"We'll keep a-setting here," Glover said.

An officer who had been a parson said, booming in the darkness, "Lord God of Hosts, Mighty Jehovah, kindle Thy wrath against the iniquitous, strike down them that would profane Thy holy name and give might to the virtuous and the God-fearing, and damn the Church of England!"

"Amen," said the others.

They loaded the cannon heavily in their own peculiar way, not with shot, but with the sweepings of a blacksmith's shop, rusty nails, bits of wire, old iron bolts, broken horseshoes, pieces of glass, and finely minced pewter pots and pans. They had no ideals nor illusions about war, and there was in them a cold streak of Puritan ruthlessness. Their huge wide-bore muskets came in for the same treatment of nails and old wire.

With the dawn, the British came marching down to sweep them away.

The fishermen waited calmly. The British marched in with their fifes playing and their drums beating. And when they were thirty yards away, the fishermen let go with the sweepings of a blacksmith shop.

All morning the British attacked in a senseless spectacle of bravery that was as stupid as it was glorious, and all morning the rusty nails of the coldly efficient Marblehead fishermen hurled them back.

At noon, Howe withdrew what was left of the redcoat light infantry and threw the green-clad Hessians into the battle. All through the afternoon the fishermen beat back the sweating, gasping Germans. Three or four of the fishermen had died and a dozen more were wounded, but in the field in front of them lay more than five hundred British and Hessians. Howe drew off his men, and gentle evening hid the horror of Pell's Point.

WHILE the Marblehead fishermen lay behind the stone wall at Pell's Point, the commander laboriously began to evacuate his army from Harlem, to begin what he felt would be a retreat of many long years. Defeat had become so constant a factor that victory was not even to be thought of; only ways and means of retreating in good order were to be considered. And out of all this there was coming to the tall Virginia farmer a strange and curious knowledge: that wars and freedom of men are not won on a battlefield.

He did not have complete understanding of this new awareness yet; but the change in him was indicated by the acquisition of an almost godly patience. He no longer blamed and scolded and raged, and when things were done wrong, as most things were, he gave the impression in a most matter-of-fact way that on such a basis even the best armies operated. Over the whole comic-opera war he presided in such simple dignity that even Charles Lee was moved to respect.

If only he wasn't such a fool, Lee thought.

And when Washington allowed himself to be persuaded by Greene not to give up New York entirely when he moved the main army out of Manhattan, but to leave a garrison of three thousand men at Fort Washington, which Greene and Knox believed could be held forever, Lee's opinion was: "That, sir, is the final piece of insanity." . . .

Once the army of liberty was out of Manhattan, across Kingsbridge, and sprawling through the low hills of southern Westchester, the Virginian felt a great relief. He had accomplished one thing that again and again in his dreams had promised to be the worst of debacles, the

removal of his army from Manhattan Island. But the relief was short-lived. The water barrier that had kept his men from wholesale desertion was now removed, and in the promise of sudden dissolution, he began to lose the sense of reality. On his horse, he felt himself a big awkward farmer, holding aloft two huge hands that were filled with powdery sand, sand which puffed away on savage bursts of wind, which resolved into laconic and merciless communications:

"Sir, I'm sorry to say fourteen of my men deserted."

"It was no fault of mine, Your Excellency, the Vermont rifle regiment has gone home."

"We caught six deserters, but over a hundred escaped."

It filled his ears and hammered into his head, a dreadful, relentless repetition. Ten men, six, nine, a hundred, two hundred—and if it continued, very soon his hands would be empty. So he rushed north, hoping that mere impetus would keep his army together.

The battle that took place at White Plains was of no great importance in itself. It was not so different from his other battles; some of his men fought, but most of them ran away, the difference being that this time it was not Yankees who ran, but Delaware and Maryland brigades, men of his own southland and men he had put some trust in.

But after it was over, the Virginian, in his heart and soul, knew that he had come to the end of his rope. There was no retreat, and this was the end, and if he dared to move his cowed Yankees the British would leap on them and destroy them. His army had been split into three parts, one at Fort Washington in New York, one across the Hudson at Fort Lee, and the third part here in Westchester; and each of the parts was attempting with all the ability of the individual members to desert him.

And what he did was the whole key to the change that had occurred inside of him: he went about his task as though he were a victor among victors; he inspected regiments; he punished deserters; he wrote letters to Congress; and in the evening, with his men around him, he drank Madeira and toasted, "The Congress, gentlemen, and a quick and happy victory."

There was a certain peace of mind in knowing so surely the road he had to travel, not the length of it, but the single direction it took.

ON the bright cold morning of November 12, 1776, the Virginia fox hunter stood on the shore of the Hudson and watched the brown-skinned Marblehead fishermen expertly ferry a brigade of his troops across.

This morning his troops were on their way to Hackensack, in Jersey, where he had established his new encampment, and he looked forward to a brisk ride down the Palisades to Fort Lee. Behind him, dispositions had been nicely made, and it seemed that his position was better than it had ever been before. Two thousand men under General Heath were holding the upriver Hudson highlands, and another five thousand were in Westchester under the command of General Charles Lee. It was true that there had been a good many desertions, but in all he was wonderfully fortunate; for having had Washington completely at his mercy after the Battle of White Plains, Howe had hesitated to attack. When finally he turned around and marched his army back to New York, Washington knew that he was saved.

By now he already had more than four thousand men in Jersey. When he had established himself at Fort Lee and given the fishermen the job of drawing off the garrison of Fort Washington, in Manhattan, he would have almost eight thousand men on either side of the river—and be in a position to execute a pincer movement against the British, who had been pinching him rather tightly.

All in all, it seemed that the tide had turned.

He reached Fort Lee about noon of the next day, and discovered to his amazement that instead of beginning to withdraw the troops from Manhattan Island, Greene had reinforced them. The Virginian said nothing until he had the handsome young Quaker alone in his tent.

"By Heaven, Nathanael, what sort of damned insanity is this? Why didn't you make preparations to evacuate the fort? Why did you send more men into New York?"

"To hold the fort, sir."

"Hold it? It can't be held!"

"Good heavens, sir, why can't it be held? Because that damned renegade Englishman, Lee, told—"

"Greene!"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"It's not enough to apologize to me, General Greene," the big man said evenly. "I want you to understand now and for the future that General Lee is second in command to me in this army, and that his orders are deserving of all the respect—that a Yankee can muster."

Greene stared at him, and then shook his head dumbly. "My God, sir," he whispered, "what more can I say? Do you want me to kneel down at your feet? I will, if you want me to." There was no mockery in his voice.

After that, after a minute or two of silence, the Virginian asked gently, "Do you think, Nathanael, that the fort can be held?"

"Forever!"

"Not forever. For a week, a month?"

"A month! Sir, please give us a chance! They've had New York, all of it, their way; now only give us a chance. This is the turning point we've been waiting for."

"We've had to retreat before," the fox hunter murmured. "There's no retreat out of there. How many men are in the garrison?"

"Almost three thousand by now. The British'll do the retreating, not us. I give you my word, sir."

"I'll give you a chance," the fox hunter agreed.

Greene nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

But once more Lee was proved right.

THE attack on Fort Washington came one morning just after the commander in chief, with Greene and Putnam and General Mercer, had been over to make an inspection.

As they got into the boat to return to Fort Lee, the Virginian twisted around to look at the fort again.

"What is it, sir?" Greene asked.

"Nothing."

Putnam said, "They're too sure, too damned sure."

They all sat facing the Jersey shore, except for the two boatmen, who pulled slowly, with long, powerful sweeps, a rhythm, now, now, now—until suddenly it was broken, and with his oar poised in the air, the boatman nearer the commander stared back at the shore they had left, pop-eyed. And so, slowly, the fox hunter, Greene, Putnam, and Mercer turned around, and the boat, loose on the tide, began to swing broadside. And they didn't speak because what they saw was the impossible and incredible—the place they had just left, the boat landing, occupied by a guard of redcoats and a long file of redcoats climbing up the path to the fort.

Putnam began to curse.

Greene put his face in his hands and sobbed.

Mercer whispered, "The poor bonny, bonny lads."

The fox hunter said nothing, his face so white that the pockmarks stood out like scars of the damned.

In another hour it was all over; the purple rattlesnake flag of the fort hauled down and the British Jack up in its place. Like a ripe plum, almost three thousand men of the American army fell into the lap of the British.

The big man spoke in a harsh whisper to the boatmen, "Row across—"

Greene couldn't look at him. The handsome young Quaker sat hunched over, his body racked with sobs.

Putnam had become an old, old man. When he tried to speak, his voice cracked and broke.

"My fault—" he was trying to say.

Greene looked up. "No, no," he said brokenly. "I wanted it. I wanted the fort to be held—all the time I wanted that."

The Virginia fox hunter said, "You, General Greene, and you, General Putnam, and you, General Mercer—when you go ashore at Fort Lee, you will remember you are officers in my army, and you will strive to present an appearance compatible with your position." . . .

Greene, plunged in blackness, scraping the bottom of hell, had hidden himself in his tent, where he would not have to present an appearance compatible with his position, and lay on his bed, face down.

Whether others were to blame or not, he blamed himself, knowing that it was almost entirely on his pleading that the Virginian had overruled his own and Lee's decision to abandon the fort. And now all was gone: hope and future and the revolution itself.

He heard the sound of some one entering the tent, and rolling over, he saw the high bent figure of the fox hunter silhouetted against the flap. He got onto his feet.

"Sit down, Nathanael," the fox hunter said.

Greene sat down and waited, steeling himself for the inevitable blow.

"It's been hard, hasn't it?" the fox hunter said.

"Sir?"

"I think it will be harder."

Greene stared at the tall man, trying to make out his expression, trying to glean some evidence of his feelings.

"This is only the beginning," the Virginian nodded gently. "God only knows where we are going or what we are making or what the end will be; but we go on."

"Sir?"

"Do you understand, Nathanael, we go on?"

Greene got to his feet, found the other man's hand, and held onto it as if it were the only real thing in a bizarre world of nightmares.

"Sir—" He was glad the fox hunter could not see the tears in his eyes.

"Always, Nathanael."

"Always, sir."

REED, the adjutant, sitting in front of a fire at Hackensack a few days after the capture of Fort Washington, thought about the past and the present and found nothing to hope for in the blundering Virginia farmer. It seemed to him that he was living through the historic moment when a movement dissolves, and his delicate fingers crept anxiously around the veins and muscles of his neck. In the flames every wisp and twist of fire took the shape of a gallows.

He sighed, rose, and went to his tent. He began to write, addressing himself to General Charles Lee:

". . . I do not mean to flatter or praise you at the expense of any other; but I do think it is entirely owing to you that this army and the liberties of America, so far as they are dependent on it, are not entirely cut off. You have decision, a quality often wanting in minds otherwise valuable, and I ascribe to this our escape from York Island, King's Bridge and the Plains. . . . I do ardently wish to see you removed from a place where there will be so little call for your judgment and experience, to the place where they are likely to be so necessary. Nor am I singular in my opinion; every gentleman of the family, the officers and soldiers generally, have a confidence in you. . . ."

Meanwhile alarming news had reached Fort Lee. About six thousand British soldiers had crossed the Hudson five miles north of the fort and were already advancing inland in a broad circle which was intended to cut off the fort and surround the encampment at Hackensack.

"They want to make a whole end of us," Greene said bitterly and hopelessly. "They know they can do it, and by God, I see no way to stop them."

"Evacuate the fort," the tall man said.

"But, sir, the tents, the provisions, the cannon—what can we do? We have no horses, no wagons—"

"Evacuate the fort, General Greene. Immediately."

"And leave everything?"

"Everything."

The fox hunter sat on his horse and watched the men stream out of the fort. He rode behind them as they fled toward Hackensack; he drove them as a cattle herder drives stock. When they showed signs of slackening, stumbled or fell, he roared at them and whipped them with his quirt. It was a wild and grotesque race, hundreds of men running, panting, walking, running again down the road to Hackensack. The birth of a nation became a foot race with a tall pock-marked farmer bringing up the rear. . . .

He wanted his men counted, he told Knox.

"Sir?"

"Counted! My God, Knox, do I have to repeat an order seven times?"

"No, sir, only the desertions—"

"I'm not blind. I know there are desertions."

"But, sir—whole regiments."

"I want them counted."

It took Knox a few hours. He came back and reported. "Two thousand, nine hundred and eleven, sir."

The tall man stared at him, and Knox said, "I'm sorry."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure, sir."

And then the tall man nodded. . . .

It rained as they plodded from Hackensack to Newark. The men walked hunched over, to protect themselves, their heads bent, their arms crooked around their muskets. The fox hunter was at the head of the column, with Reed on one side of him and Putnam on the other.

Reed asked the Virginian, "Where will we camp?"

"Newark, perhaps."

"And then retreat?"

The tall man shrugged.

"For how long?"

"I don't know."

"We can't retreat forever," Reed said.

"We can, I think. Almost forever."

"Where?"

"Westward."

"Where?"

"Across the Alleghenies."

Whenever a horse could be found and spared, reasonably strong, sound of wind, the Virginian dispatched it with a pleading letter to General Charles Lee, who was in Westchester with more than five thousand New England Yankees. The letters were all of the same tone, begging Lee to come across the Hudson and join Washington with his army. But Lee had plans of his own.

Even for a mercenary soldier, there was a difference between thirty thousand dollars and destiny; and day by day destiny had been coming closer and closer to Charles Lee. Destiny was in the letters he received from Joseph Reed and so many others who were dissatisfied and impatient with the blundering Virginian.

Lee had cast his fortunes with this crazy revolt of farmers and mechanics and tradesmen, and now the whole insane structure was tumbling. The fox hunter's army was dissolving like wet sand. Thirty days would see the army on the west shore of the Hudson gone, and the fox hunter in front of a British court-martial. For his part, he had only to wait and put off the Virginian with excuses, and in a month or less he himself would be commander in chief of the Continental armies.

MARCHING down to New Brunswick, the tattered army had their first brief flurry of snow. It had been summer when they began the retreat from Brooklyn Heights, and now it was almost the end of November, and they still wore the same clothing. Dirty toes poked through their shoes, and the shredded soles were paper-thin. Their shirts were linen, their breeches homespun, neither material very warm nor lasting.

Winter came slowly, but now at last it was here, the damp bone-penetrating winter of the Jersey flats, cold and wet and nasty; and on the muddy or frozen Jersey roads they began to leave their trade-mark, their insignia and single sign that marked them from all others for years to come. It was an ooze of blood, a stain from a thousand dragging feet, a dark spotting on the road that advertised: "Here walked the army of liberty"—for all who wanted to see or cared to read.

The fox hunter trusted Reed and was able to say to him, "You know how near the end we are, Joseph."

Reed nodded.

"I've written to Lee again and again. God knows what he's doing—he's a wise man and a good soldier; I can't criticize him. But he won't help us. Perhaps he can't."

There was a curious, half-frightened expression on Reed's face.

"Go to Burlington," the fox hunter said hopelessly. "Tell them we need men. Tell them it's the end, the real end this time; let them feel their necks the way I've been feeling mine."

A frightened Jersey legislature sat at Burlington.

"It won't do any good," Reed protested.

"Go anyway, Joseph. It's the only straw to catch at."

Reed had not been gone long when the letter came from Lee, addressed to Adjutant General Joseph Reed. The dispatch rider gave it to the commander in chief. It occurred to him that this letter might contain the ray of hope he had been seeking. There was no letter for himself from Lee and, since Reed had been taking care of a good deal of the correspondence, this might serve the same purpose. He opened it and read:

"My dear Reed—I received your most obliging, flattering letter; lament with you that fatal indecision of mind, which in war is a much greater disqualification than stupidity or even want of personal courage. Accident may put a decisive blunderer in the right; but eternal defeat and miscarriage must attend the man of the best parts, if cursed with indecision. The general recommends in so pressing a manner as almost to amount to an order, to bring over the Continental troops under my command; which recommendation, or order, throws me into the greatest dilemma from several considerations. . . ."

"'Lament with you,'" he whispered to himself.

He groped for the shaking world and tried to place it upon an even keel. Reed was his friend, adjutant, his companion; Lee was a servant of his Congress. The letter was a rotten lie, forged to create dissension.

His hands were shaking as he read the letter over a second time, wearing his glasses now, peering at every word. No—that painful scrawl of Lee's could not be forged; he knew the handwriting as well as he knew his own. Lee had written this letter in answer to another letter of Reed's, "obliging, flattering." As his army dissolved, his officers plotted against him, the men he had loved and trusted; and now whom could he trust? Greene? Greene would die for him; but he might have said the same of Reed. Mifflin? Why had he gone off to Philadelphia so eagerly? Who knew what was behind Mercer's brown mask? Putnam? Knox?

"Oh, my God," he whispered.

Hour after hour he paced back and forth in the narrow space of his tent. He felt tired and frightened, because he knew now how completely alone he was; but once more his feet were on the ground and he knew they would remain on the ground until he came to the end of his road, whatever that end might be.

He sat down and wrote to Reed:

"The enclosed was put into my hands by an express from White Plains. Having no idea of its being a private letter, much less suspecting the tendency of the correspondence, I opened it, as I had done to all other letters to you from the same place and Peek's Hill, upon the business of your office, as I conceived and found them to be. This, as it is the truth, must be my excuse for seeing the contents of a letter which neither inclination nor intention would have prompted me to. I thank you for the trouble and fatigue you have undergone in your journey to Burlington, and sincerely wish your labors may be crowned with the desired success. With best respects to Mrs. Reed, I am, dear sir, &c.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

ON the fourth of December, deciding that he had waited long enough, General Charles Lee had the Marblehead fishermen ferry his army across the Hudson. The British, in Jersey, were between him and the fox hunter; obviously his army was the best equipped and the strongest, and just as obviously the British would leave him alone and concentrate their force upon destroying the fox hunter.

The army turned down the Jersey shore in the general direction the Virginian had taken some two weeks before, but Lee's progress was so sluggish that even the New Englanders complained about their marching. Sullivan, who had been exchanged recently after being made a prisoner at Brooklyn, suspected that things might not be going too well with the forces of the commander in chief. He began to grow uneasy, but since he was denied the privilege of reading Lee's dispatches and papers, he had nothing concrete to base his suspicions upon.

On the twelfth of December Lee marched his troops out of Morristown, eight miles to Vealtown. His moment of destiny had almost arrived. Each successive pleading dispatch from the commander put the tall Virginian in a slightly more desperate position. A week more, Lee estimated, and there would be both a new Continental army and a new commander in chief.

Lee was sick of the stench of camp, of his doltish troops, of the constant and uninspired questions asked by the members of his staff as to where they were going and what they intended.

Captain Gunnerson told him about the tavern, and Lee was in a proper mood to respond.

"How far is it?" Lee asked.

"Three miles. But it's worth it."

Why not? Lee asked himself. A man can go crazy without a little relaxation.

"A blonde?" Lee asked.

"No, she's dark. Her name's Anna."

The tavern was at Baskingridge, and Lee rode there with six men as a guard. He would have preferred to go alone, but he realized the unimpressiveness of a general arriving anywhere without a guard.

There were only a few wide-eyed Jersey countrymen in the place when Lee strode in and announced himself with a bow and a flourish of his cocked hat: "Major General Charles Lee of the Continental army!"

He smiled as he noticed the girl behind the bar; she was all that Gunnerson had promised.

"I welcome you to my humble house, Your Excellency," said the little innkeeper, bowing.

"All right. I want dinner and a bed—a featherbed, do you understand?"

"Completely, Your Excellency."

"And a place for my men."

"In the carriage house, dry and snug and warm, too."

Lee threw off his coat and slumped into a high wing chair by the fire. "Bring me a bottle of wine."

The girl brought the wine, and as she stood between him and the fire, hidden from the rest of the room by the high wing chair, Lee ran his hand lightly across her thigh. She almost dropped the tray, giggling and rolling her big black eyes.

"Oh, Your Excellency!"

"Pour the wine," Lee said. "My dear, pour the wine."

IT was four o'clock in the morning when a pounding on the door of his room woke him. His head ached violently and his mouth was huge and rank and leathery.

"Who's there?" he muttered.

"Major Wilkinson. Messenger from General Gates, sir. Very urgent."

Lee got up and opened the door. "Well?"

"This letter, sir," Wilkinson explained.

"Who sent you, and what the devil does this mean?"

"General Gates. He's with four regiments up by Wallpeck."

"You're crazy! He's isn't a hundred miles of here!" He plucked at the letter and held it under the candlelight. "This is addressed to Washington!"

"My God, sir," Wilkinson said with mocking dismay. "I don't know where General Washington is. Neither does General Gates. Neither does any one in this whole cursed country. Schuyler sent Gates down with four regiments because he heard Washington was bad. But the general couldn't find him, and I couldn't find him."

"All right," Lee said, tearing the letter open. "Get out of here. Get a blanket somewhere and go to sleep."

It was almost eight o'clock before Lee felt the strength or inclination to get out of bed, poke his feet into his slippers, and stumble across the room to where his coat hung. The very thought of the effort of dressing sickened him. He managed to get the coat on over his nightshirt, and without washing he went downstairs.

Wilkinson was waiting, warming himself by the fire. When he saw Lee he grinned and stared as if his eyes were deceiving him.

Lee got over to the wing chair and dropped into it, telling the boy, "Get me a drink, major. Rum."

Pulling the chair closer to the fire, he drained the goblet and then toasted his hands and his bare feet.

"About that letter, sir," Wilkinson began.

"Damn it, where do you think Washington is?"

"I don't know, sir—across the Delaware, perhaps."

"Well, I don't know either. I don't know whether he's alive or dead or whether he has an army. I don't think it matters. Damn you, don't look at me like that! I said I don't think it matters."

"Yes, sir. I'm inclined to agree with you." Wilkinson grinned again ingratiatingly.

Lee was still sitting apathetically by the fire when Colonel Scammel, his adjutant, arrived. Scammel was as surprised as Wilkinson at Lee's appearance, but he controlled himself and remembered to salute.

"What is it?" Lee demanded, returning his gaze to the fire after a single glance at the adjutant.

"General Sullivan wants his marching orders, sir."

Lee frowned. "Why does he want marching orders?"

"I suppose, sir, that he didn't think you intended a permanent encampment at Vealtown."

"No? Well, where does he want to march to?"

"I don't know, sir. That's up to you."

"Have you a map?" asked Lee.

Scammel nodded and went out. When he came back, he spread the map out on the table, and Lee dragged himself from the wing chair to look at it, with Scammel and Wilkinson standing over his shoulders. Lee traced a wavering line from Vealtown to Pluckamin. There his finger stopped.

"Pluckamin," Lee said.

"It's not more than seven miles, sir," Scammel pointed out. "It seems to be a very short march."

"Why should it be a long one, Scammel?"

"No reason, sir. But General Sullivan is under the impression that we should be moving to join General Washington."

"Tell Sullivan we'll move at my own damned pleasure! Tell him that, Scammel!"

"Very well, sir." And Scammel walked out of the house.

Lee stared after him, then he turned to Wilkinson and demanded querulously, "Did you see my army? Did you see their shoes? Did you see their clothes?"

Wilkinson nodded. Lee appeared full to the brim with self-pity, his red eyes becoming moist, his lower lip trembling. "Join Washington," he said, aggrieved and asking for pity. "Did you see their shoes? And how do I know where Washington is? Does any one know?"

He called for the landlord to give him pen and ink and paper. "I'll burn the ears of your General Gates," Lee told Wilkinson. "By God, there's a new order coming, and I can make or break a man, understand that!"

He grabbed the quill and began to write furiously:

"The ingenious maneuver of Fort Washington has completely unhinged the goodly fabric we had been building. There never was so damned a stroke; *entre nous*, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have my choice of difficulties: if I stay in this province I risk myself and army; and if I do not stay, the province is lost forever. . . ."

Wilkinson had been staring out of the window, from which point he could see something over a hundred yards of the road. When a party of British dragoons appeared from around the bend and dashed down on the inn with their pistols drawn, it was neither inconsistent nor impossible; it was the bad end of a bad little drama, all of which had given Wilkinson the impression of being inside a nightmare.

Lee had just finished writing his letter, and he was signing it when he heard the roll of hoofs. "What's that?" he asked, without turning around.

"British cavalry," came the strangely calm answer.

"Where? My God, how?" He stood there in disheveled impotence, one slipper off, his birdlike head thrust forward. "Where's the guard?" he moaned.

Wilkinson was already starting up the stairs.

"Wilkinson, where are you going?" Lee cried.

"To save my hide," the boy said cheerfully. "I'm quite fond of it." . . .

Two hours later Wilkinson caught up with Sullivan and the army and told of Lee's capture.

"Lee was writing this when they took him away. I saw it on the table afterward." He gave the letter to Sullivan.

Sullivan handed it to Scammel, who read it and handed it back without a word.

Sullivan gave Wilkinson the letter. "Take it to General Gates," he said, and added softly and dangerously, "Give him the letter, and then tell him, Wilkinson, that I'm marching to join General Washington. Tell him that any one who disagrees with my course of action can go to hell and be damned. Tell him that."

IN Trenton, early in December, the shambling army of liberty had been reduced by mass desertions to a pitiful remnant of the twenty thousand which had been in New York before the battle at Brooklyn Heights. Then Mifflin, who had gone again to Congress to beg for more men, miraculously returned with reinforcements. They were raw and frightened, it is true, but still they were men.

The Virginian shook Mifflin's hand, and something in his eyes disclosed how near he had been to the end.

"How many are left here?" Mifflin asked cautiously.

"Six hundred—"

Mifflin whistled.

"It was very close," the tall man admitted. He looked weak and tired, and his face had a yellow sickly sheen. But a better evidence of his state was his loquaciousness; for explaining, he said more to Mifflin than he ever had before. "I tried not to let them know—they would have bolted, all of them. I broke them into small groups, and I kept them moving, anything at all in the world except to let them see that none of them were left. And, general—I prayed—" He broke off, flushing, self-conscious. A little ashamed of himself, he turned brusque. "Have them enrolled with the adjutant, and then march them off to Princeton. Greene is there, and I'll be along later with what's left of mine." He turned and eyed the new militia.

"And, general, march them by twos—let these damned Jersey Tories see that we have an army, only—don't let them fight," he added.

On his way back to Princeton, to join his army, after he had sent the Philadelphia reinforcements on ahead, the Virginian met the vanguard of a fleeing mob. But instead of becoming a raging madman, as once he had, he now observed his troops with cold detachment, and when Greene appeared, asked him calmly, "What is it now, Nathanael?"

"The same thing," Greene groaned.

"The British are in Princeton?" the tall man asked.

Greene nodded.

"How many desertions?"

"Only three hundred."

The Virginian sighed with relief, and swung his horse after the retreating army. Riding behind him, Greene demanded, almost savagely, "What am I to do now?"

"Nothing, Nathanael, except to take hold of yourself."

"But what are you going to do?"

The Virginian shrugged. "Cross the Delaware, I think."

"And then, sir?" Greene asked shrilly.

The tall man rode on without answering, then when Greene spurred up alongside of him, said, "When there is only one road, Nathanael, you don't need maps." . . .

The army of liberty escaped only by a hair's breadth, for the last boatload had hardly left the Jersey shore before they heard the skirling of the Highland pipers. The freezing militia crouched around their fires on the west bank of the Delaware, saw Cornwallis' redcoats, kilted Highlanders, and green-clad Hessians marching down to the spot they had just quitted. The pipers strutted along the bank, skirling defiantly and mockingly:

"Yankee Doodle went to London, riding on a pony." . . .

Greene found the Virginian sitting in front of a fire, a woolen muffler around his neck, his glasses perched loosely on his nose, and an old stocking cap on his head. It was almost impossible to warm the shack he had made his headquarters, and the tall man, eyes red and nose even more brilliant, sneezed constantly.

"Sit down, Nathanael," he said, motioning to a battered ladder-back chair, which with a rickety table composed all the furnishings of the room.

"Flip, sir, is the best thing I know for a cold," Greene said.

"How much flip can a man drink? I've had a quart, and it hasn't helped."

Greene nodded his sympathy and sat gingerly in the chair, waiting to hear why he had been sent for.

"Congress has gone away from Philadelphia," the tall man told him.

"What!"

"They did right. The revolution exists only so long as a government exists. It's better for them to flee than to be taken."

"Where have they gone?"

"To Baltimore, I think. It isn't that—" Greene had never seen the Virginian look so old, so tired, unsure even, his big hand trembling a little as it groped in his breast pocket for a letter. "I don't know how to tell the others—Congress has changed things. Sometimes, God help me, I'm afraid they've given up."

He had never spoken like this before; every last vestige of authority, of pride was gone from his voice.

"They've given it all over to me," he said miserably.

"Given what, sir?"

"The government. I never asked for that, never wanted it. How much can I carry on my shoulders alone?"

Greene stared at him.

"This is the way it is," the tall man said, peering through his glasses at the letter and reading: "'. . . until they should otherwise order, General Washington should be possessed of all power to order and direct all things relative to the department and to the operations of war. . . .'"

"If it were any one else, I would be afraid," Greene protested. "But it's you, sir. Don't you see?"

"No—" The tall man shook his head. "What's the difference who it is? What are we fighting for—for one man to rule a people?"

"I'm not afraid of that, sir, but why did they do it?"

"They think it's the end; they are grasping at straws."

"Do you think it's the end?" Greene asked softly.

"I don't know," the tall man said. "I don't know."

FOUR days later, on the twentieth of December, the tattered, suffering remnant of Lee's army arrived at the encampment on the Delaware. Less than two thousand were left of the five thousand Yankees Lee had commanded at White Plains. Blue with cold, their clothes in rags, their feet cut and bruised and bleeding, the Yankees dragged themselves into the encampment. The only sign of order or hope among them was the company of the Marblehead fishermen, still together and some six hundred strong, their blue jackets worn threadbare, their shoes gone, but their lean long Yankee faces grimmer and harder than ever.

Sullivan, swaying from weariness, his eyes bloodshot and staring, stumbled over to the Virginian and said, "I must ask your forgiveness, sir, for certain men of faint heart who dropped out along the way." . . .

Once again, at long last, Glover and the Virginian sat opposite each other, a pitcher of hot flip between them with full glasses on hand.

The fox hunter, sipping at his glass, mused, half humorously, "I never considered fishermen. I never thought that my life, my army, and my country's cause might depend upon them so much. We owe you much." He drained his glass and said, "I had a plan in mind—"

The Yankee leaned forward.

"Cumbersome, insane—" He poured new flip for each of them, and staring at the hot strong rum, said, "I needed you; it was no use to think about it otherwise."

"Crossing the Delaware," Glover said softly, not incredulously but with matter-of-fact awe.

The fox hunter nodded.

The Marblehead man, smiling, murmured, "I reckoned that. It had to be that. What else could it be?"

"The British have gone away," the Virginian said. "They went away to New York and left the Germans sitting on the bank. That's how they despise us. It's just as well, and we owe the Jagers a great deal!"

"When do you want to cross?" Glover asked.

"Christmas Day," the tall man answered. "At night, one hour before the next daylight."

Glover stared at him curiously.

"Because the Jagers will be drunk," Washington said in a matter-of-fact way.

"How many men?" Glover asked.

"We should have almost five thousand by then."

"In one night?"

"In a few hours, I hope," the tall man said. "I want them embarked, taken across, re-formed on the other side, and marched to Trenton, and I want the attack undertaken, from beginning to end, in darkness."

"If you want guns, it will mean barges. But I think we can do it."

"I can count on you?"

"You can count on me, sir," Glover said, and then they shook hands, leaning across the rickety table.

"If this is insanity," said the Virginian when he told his officers of his plan solemnly, "it will be our last insanity, gentlemen. I haven't come to this decision easily; I haven't lightly considered and used those powers which our Congress gave me, but only after much resolve and equal necessity. . . . The game is up. I said once that if needful I would retreat a thousand miles to the west, so long as that would keep our army intact and our Congress in existence. But we have broken faith with our Congress, gentlemen; because we cannot defend them they have had to leave their city and run as we have been running, and were we to retreat not a thousand miles, but a hundred miles, there would be nothing left of our army. We must strike back, and whether that blow will be the beginning or the end of all we have fought for, I don't know. But strike we must, for in a little while it will be too late. We are moving, gentlemen, because our need is desperate."

IT was a sharp gray day, not very cold, but cold enough for the poor Continental devils, who, with all their rags piled on, were still half naked. Even now they did not know exactly what they were going into, except that it would be with the Jagers, a word that rose and fell like sounding notes through their ranks, in anger, in hatred, in sudden terror.

It made Greene's heart ache to watch the half-frozen men shuffling along on their way to the river. They gripped their big clumsy flintlocks with deadly earnestness; and their eyes, for the most part, were set straight ahead, and they did not know that the cold shuffling sound of their steps would echo undyingly.

And Greene thought: They are brave, and that is something I will remember. Even if they run away, I will always remember they were brave at this time. . . .

The fox hunter rode along the line of his men. They were crouched on the cold ground, and as he went past a succession of white faces turned in the dusk to look at him. He thought that it would have been the right thing to say something to them, but looking at their faces, there was nothing for the life of him that he thought mattered enough to put into words. He wondered whether they felt, as he did, the crashing insanity of this last desperate move. And what did they think of him? Did they hate him or did they love him, or did they follow him as sheep follow a leader? Was the stake, the intangible something called freedom, big enough? Was it worth the suffering, the starving, the cold, and the hunger?

He didn't know. Once he had been sure of many things, but now he was sure only of the dark singular path he must travel. He was lonely, and he knew that, regardless of what happened, regardless of what came out of this, victory or defeat, glory or ruin, there would never be compensation or relief from that loneliness.

For hours and hours the infantry had been crouching motionless in the cold; now, at last, the order came to move. Their limbs were stiff and their joints creaked as they walked. They stumbled and fell and got up again, feeling their way in the darkness; and they laughed, somewhat hysterically, at the way the Marblehead fishermen sang out, "Step smart there! Step lively!" The grinding crunch of the ice cakes and the constant thud against the frail sides of the boats made their throats contract, but they didn't hold back. They went into the inky blackness slowly but certainly.

By two o'clock in the morning, the fishermen had once more accomplished the impossible; they had pushed the army and guns through the black night, the ice, and the current to a point on the other bank some nine miles distant from the Hessian encampment at Trenton. Glover, coming to report, found the fox hunter standing with Knox and Greene.

"I think that you had better go across now, sir," Glover said. "The worst part of it is over."

Washington nodded, and Greene took his arm to help him down into the boat. But he stood aside and said, "Get in, Harry. I'll feel safer once you're set."

For Knox, the reaction was close to hysteria. He climbed into the boat, bellowing laughter until the tears ran over his cheeks. He sat down, and Greene followed him, and then the Virginian stepped in. He looked around for a place to sit, and then poked the fat colonel of artillery with his toe, telling him:

"Shift your weight, Harry, and trim the boat."

The fishermen pushed off from shore, their hard laughter breaking for once the wall that had been between them and the tall Virginia farmer; and Knox, still shaking with mirth, felt a great happiness and pride, for on the same seat, close against him, was the man he loved more than any other. He looked at Washington and saw how the light gray eyes were searching the darkness; and Knox knew, and Greene knew, with fierce joy, that this was not the end, that for their kind there could never be an end but only new beginnings.

AN AFTERWORD

SOME books end with the last page; this one does not, for the sound of the bleeding feet that marched on Trenton rose in a crescendo that echoed and re-echoed across the world, and that today is not lost, and that will not, God willing, be lost for all time to come. How the poor shivering rabble came on to Trenton and captured the place, taking over a thousand prisoners, is too well known to need retelling here.

But the man who had set out across the Delaware as a Virginia farmer, as a fox hunter, became on the other shore something else, a man of incredible stature, a human being in some ways more godly and more wonderful than any other who has walked on the earth. For he became, as with no other man in history, the father of a nation that was to be peopled by the wretched and the oppressed of every land on earth. As simple, as burnished as this sounds, it is no use to plead otherwise; the stamp of George Washington is indelibly and forever set upon America—and for the good. All the debunking in the world cannot change the facts of his wonderful simplicity, his complete unselfishness, his humble respect for those who had asked him to leave his home and fight a revolution. Given power, he spurned it, thereby giving to America for all time the ideal of leaders who serve a people but do not rule them. And whether this ideal is forgotten at times or not, it is there, stamped in the soul of a nation.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

IN a recent Liberty this question was asked: Are a corporal's stripes good enough for company clerks, or are they the forgotten men of the Army?

Raising the question, I declared the meeting open and said, "Let 'em come." How the letters came, and are still coming!

The strange thing is that, with but few exceptions, the writers are *not* company clerks. If busy men can make time to plead the cause of the "forgotten men," then it seems to me the least I can do is to devote this space to their comments.

Paratrooper

A Marine Corps man writes from New River, North Carolina: "I don't know much about the Army company clerks, but this I do know: If they are anything like the Marines, they deserve much more than a double stripe. Show me any man in any outfit who does a tougher, longer-houred job. For years I have been campaigning for rights for the company clerks, and I am sure happy to find out that I am not the only one."

From the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland comes a T/5's statement: "I have never been a company clerk and I wouldn't have the job as a gift. Most of them work just as hard as or even harder than the first sergeant, and get only two stripes and darn little chance for promotion. There are a few smart company commanders who realize their worth and have wangled three stripes for them by hook or crook, but only a few. Here's hoping all good clerks get staff ratings, and soon!"

A sergeant sends these words from Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas: "I am not a company clerk, but being attached to the Personnel Office I know what their work requires. This is a replacement training center and there is a complete turnover of men, except for cadre, every few weeks. The clerks' work has become more and more difficult, what with various allotments, pay-roll changes, discharges, etc., etc., so that now they spend much of their leisure time as well as working hours at their desks. There is a very strong feeling among officers and men that company clerks are richly deserving of higher grades."

And from Pine Camp, New York, this point is made: "A company clerk is usually a proved field soldier before he ever becomes a company clerk. But how many field soldiers have the ability to do so? Very few, I assure you. What other Army job calls for a man to be a stenographer, bookkeeper, legal adviser, welfare worker, or what-have-you, *and* a field soldier? Here's to the most underrated and abused man in the Army—the company clerk. May he have proper recognition at last."

The boys said a lot more than I've quoted, but that will give you an idea. If all this publicity helps to get that third stripe for the company clerk, I'll be the first to cheer.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I have read a lot of stories about Paratroopers and their feelings. No story has made us out to be the way we really are. Of course I can speak only for myself, but let me try.

We have one of the stiffest training schedules you can find. That goes not only for jump school but also for combat training after we are qualified jumpers. In school they find out about your mental as well as physical make-up, and by the time you get your wings they know just about all there is to know about you. And *you* know, too. When you have reached the stage of "stand up and hook up" there is no more doubt or hesitation. You know just exactly what you are going to do—and you do it. And, brother, I mean it happens fast. When that silk opens over your head you are on your own as you have never been before.

You feel like a new edition of Superman. You hit the ground, and you are like a herd of horses just turned out to pasture after a winter in the barn. You have everything except an enemy to slay, and I imagine he will be there too when you make that final jump. Then your grand feeling will be needed. You can't retreat into the air, so you take your objective or stay where you've been dropped. If you stay, you will

99th Pursuit Squadron

probably need medical attention quicker than a shoulder to cry on.

Even Paratroopers gripe among themselves. What group doesn't? But you could not pay a Paratrooper to quit. They call us the prima donnas of the Army. Maybe we are. But we have learned teamwork—and that is one thing a whole lot of us could use.

Cpl. C. S., Fort Benning, Ga.

Many, many thanks, Corporal, for your splendid letter. It is a pleasure and a privilege to print it. I can't say that I envy you your work (not at my age) but I do envy you the kick you get out of it and the pride you take in it.

* * *

I would like to know if the Army accepts Negroes for aerial gunner work.

Pvt. W. J., Papago Park, Ariz.

The 99th Pursuit Squadron of the Army Air Forces is composed entirely of colored enlisted men and officers, including pilots and gunners.

* * *

Will you settle an argument which has been floating around the squadroom for days with no solution in sight? Private A says that in a civil court an accused man is innocent until proved guilty, whereas in a military court an accused soldier is guilty until proved innocent. Private B says the same principle holds in a military court as in a civil. Please establish peace.

Cpl. H. W., 442d Signal Const. Bn.

The principle of innocence until guilt is proved applies in military courts just as it

does in civil courts. I understand that cannot be said for courts in Naziland.

* * *

The boys in my barracks have been arguing about this: If a man is discharged from the Marine Corps because of a kidney ailment, is he liable to be drafted?

Pfc. J. P. B., Norfolk, Va.

Every man who is finally discharged from the armed forces, regardless of the reason, must report to his local draft board for classification or reclassification. The physical standards for Selective Service have been somewhat lower in certain requirements than for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, hence a C. D. D. does not automatically classify its holder in Class 4-F (totally and permanently disqualified for military service); he might be placed in Class 1-B (qualified for limited military service). So I can't answer you "yes" or "no." Each local board classifies its own registrants under the general Selective Service regulations and every individual constitutes a separate case.

* * *

My husband is in the Navy and has a rating of Radio Technician, second class. I have heard no provision is made for any higher rating in this category. If so, it certainly doesn't seem fair. No man wants to feel that he has no chance for advancement.

Mrs. E. A. S., Northampton, Mass.

What you heard is news to me. Any Navy man who can pass examinations for promotion may be promoted. Recently, in fact, the Navy Department authorized the advancement of qualified men *while at sea* if they had completed the necessary lengths of service.

* * *

Today I passed an enlisted man who gave me a smart and apparently regulation salute. Not until some time later did I realize he had used his *left* hand. I am curious to know whether any authority exists or ever has existed for a left-handed salute.

"Shavetail," Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

I think you were "had," Lieutenant. Certainly a port-side salute is not regulation even for habitual lefties. I have heard of only one enlisted man who has authority to salute with his left hand, and he was in Hawaii the last I knew. Seems that his right arm was partly crippled in line of duty, and he got official permission from the War Department to use the other to render courtesies. *Your* man sounds like a clown, and I wonder how long he will get away with it.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

CONVOY WEATHER—Continued from Page 10

to worry about. He put down his maps and plucked Lucinda's letter off the shelf.

As he handled it, there came to him faintly a whiff of the perfume she used, bringing her close across the miles. She was tiny, dainty, with fair curling hair. Reading "Cloudy dear" he could almost see the lovely color that came and went so quickly in her cheeks, her incredible deep blue eyes, her tender red mouth. A wave of longing swept over him.

The letter, however, did little to lift his spirits, though it was friendly and sweet and gay. But Cloudy could see between the lines, and what he saw was not a happy spectacle for a man whose last leave at home was more than a year past. He still was wrapped in gloom when Rick Ames came into the hut.

Rick was a bantam, a fighting cock of a bantam. Looking at his scant inches, people said, "You ought to be in fighters," which made Rick mad. He loved the big patrol planes and he flew them as well as if he weighed two hundred. His eyes, as he grinned at Cloudy, were like blue ice with the sun shining through. "Hey, I hear you broke the news to the skipper about our friends having a weather station in Greenland."

"Yes, but he isn't convinced. He wants more dope."

"Well, you're the lad to get it for him," pronounced Rick heartily, and laid out his shaving gear. Then he noticed the gray writing paper, the gloom on Cloudy's face. "Girl trouble? What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing's wrong with her—except I wish I was sure she *was* my girl. It didn't seem fair to get her promise before I left, but—"

"Now some 'essential industry' chap is rushing her? Cheer up, Cloudy. Maybe he has flat feet and the jerks."

"No. I know him. Tom is a right guy. He tried to get into the army, but he's an aeronautical engineer in a plant in Baltimore and they said no. He's on the level, but did they have to pick him out to be Lord Allendale?"

"Lord Allendale?"

"My home town was founded two hundred years ago this Friday by Lord Allendale; so they're going to celebrate. Parade and pageant and dancing on the green. You know, the old stuff. Lu is going to represent the beautiful Lady Allendale, and Tom is her gallant mate."

"Not so good," conceded Rick.

"If I hadn't been a sap, I'd have married her before we left!"

THERE wasn't any answer to that one. Rick finished his shaving, combed his hair, put on his overseas cap at a jaunty angle to his left ear. He pulled on his fur-lined gloves, gave Cloudy a farewell pat on the shoulder. "Cheer up, old son. Maybe Tom is bowlegged and won't make such a pretty cavalier. Maybe it'll pour rain on the festive day and take the curl out of his wig."

The door banged after Rick, and Cloudy sat staring at it. Suddenly he leaped into action. "Maybe it'll pour rain on the festive day!" And who could know about that better than he? For that matter, what was the weather doing now where his beloved Lucinda was? What a dope he'd been! The one thing he really could know about her life was the air in which she breathed.

For several minutes Cloudy was as busy as a beaver studying his weather maps again. Well! Maryland was suffering from an unprecedented heat wave. It would go on until the week-end, and should break along about Friday with a violent storm.

He studied this forecast for a while, and then decided on a program. It would be a gamble, of course. If some local phenomenon were to occur to upset the balance of low- and high-pressure areas, the weather might not work out as he had it down on paper, and he would look a fool. But then, in love as in war you had to take some chances. He filed his first cable to Lu:

DARLING STAY OUT OF THE SUN THESE HOT DAYS KEEP COOL LOVE

Working out the weather where Lucinda was, sending her the cable, gave a wonderful lift to Cloudy's spirits. His old confidence in the value of understanding the weather came surging back. He went over his

calculations regarding the secret Greenland weather station. He was too excited to sleep. He became more confident than ever that he was right. Well, then! was he mush? Was he milk toast? Was he going to allow a little discouragement to lick him?

On the morrow and for many morrows Cloudy spent as much time as he could with headphones glued to his ears. He twirled the dials to all frequencies. He wanted just the mere shred of something over the air to present to MacKintry. Nothing came except squealing static until, one afternoon, through the shrieks and the howls he heard what might have been a series of deliberate related sounds.

On Thursday, the day before the celebration in Allendale, Cloudy sent off another cable to Lu. A bold play based on his faith in his own work. She would receive it on Friday and it would tell her:

DARLING SO SORRY THE STORM SPOILED YOUR FUN WE'LL MAKE UP FOR IT WHEN I COME FLYING HOME LOVE

Then he sent a cable to the best florist in Baltimore to deliver to Miss Lucinda Carver a tremendous bouquet of Iceland poppies, if they had to search the nation and procure them by air express. No card was to go with them. They had been the pampered favorites in Lu's garden one year. She'd know after what far distant shore they had been named.

When he had intercepted what he suspected to be code for the fourth time, Cloudy called in MacKintry and the communications officer. Said Mac, "It's a series of numbers, if it is anything at all."

"Weather code, captain," said Cloudy with assurance.

"We still can't get a bearing on that frequency. It's too high."

TWO days later a pack of submarines again got into a convoy off Ireland. But the weather wasn't clear. It was just before one of the worst storms in months. "That shoots your idea, Cloudy," MacKintry averred. "They didn't make use of a good forecast this time."

There seemed no place to go on from there.

A few days later he received a V-letter from Lucinda. It was short—by regulation—but it was lovely. She had never known anybody as thoughtful as he was, and the poppies had touched her heart. She missed him dreadfully.

So it had worked! The weather hadn't let him down. Now was the moment to follow through, to settle his fate once and for all. He sat down and wrote her a letter. He told her he'd loved her since school days, and he went into it at some length. He concluded:

There isn't anything I can give you now, dear, except my love and a future with no date to it. It's a pretty selfish bargain, I guess, with the giving and the waiting and all the rest of it mostly on your side. But it could be different. There's a full moon tonight at home, and if we were together we'd walk along the river. I'd take you in my arms and you'd know all the things I'm trying to tell you, and they'd all add up to "Will you wait for me?"

He sealed it quickly and mailed it before he'd get a chance to mull it over some more. Again, with his heart so full of Lu, his old courage, his old confidence in his hunch came back. He wasn't going to give up—not until he'd found that station and destroyed it!

He kept on listening until he felt as if the headphones were growing to his ears. He read the London newspapers that the British flew in, and which told of the first disastrous convoy attack which had made him suspicious of a hidden station. He pored over the accounts.

NINE days later, a hundred miles south of the first two convoy disasters, eleven ships were lost. Seven were sunk on the spot, and four went down because, hit, limping, they couldn't make port with the high seas that were running in the teeth of the gale. Then Cloudy knew. He was certain. He went to the squadron commander again.

"Do I get a plane now?" he demanded.

"Are you nuts? First you tell me the subs want clear weather, and now you tell me they want a storm!"

"That's right. That's what they want. They've changed their tactics. They delay their attack until just before a storm, so the weather will sink the cripples. And they know what the weather will be, because Greenland gives them the data."

MacKintry said, "Go ahead, I'm listening." This time he was, too, with a glint in his eyes.

"Catch this, then." Day laid clippings before him.

They were the ones covering the first big attack. The subs had jumped the convoy on a clear moonless night, and several ships were sunk on the spot. Other ships which had been torpedoed, however, had been able to limp to port because of *smooth seas, good weather conditions.*

"That's a slip," said Cloudy. "Current weather is censored, but nobody thought that *past* weather would be of value. It was. It mattered a helluva lot. These accounts gave some smart Nazi the idea, why not attack

Nice Going!

When you turn out a good day's writing and purr at how bright you are, remember it was the Ticonderoga pencil you used that sped you along. There are fewer trips to the sharpener with a Ticonderoga on the job, more writing ease, more writing done, and you use 50% less writing energy when you use a Ticonderoga pencil. Standardize on Ticonderoga pencils today to speed your work tomorrow and that of your staff.

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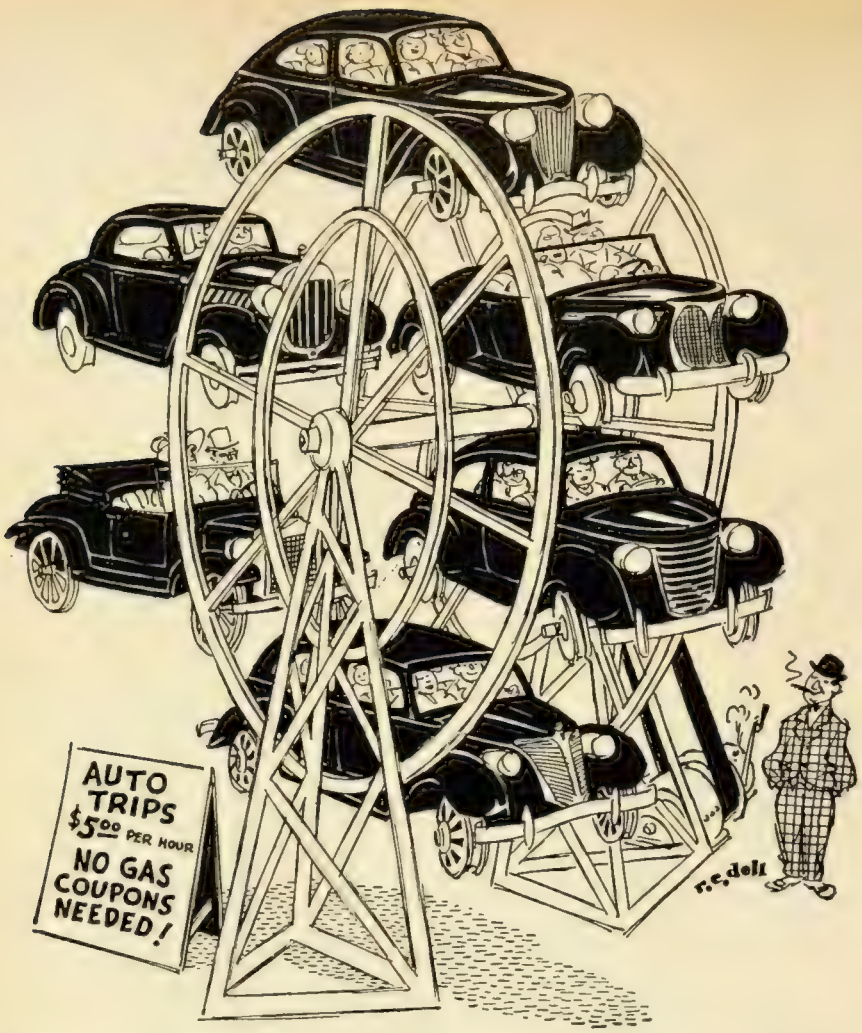

just before a storm? Let wind and weather finish their work. Now, are we going after the weather station?"

"O. K.," acquiesced Mac. "I'll put my chips on you, Cloudy. Good luck!"

SO here he was, on the sixth day, with the skipper's chips still on him, and he had nothing to show for his searching. But as he pulled the big patrol plane gently from the choppy water and up into the clammy folds of the low thick overcast, Cloudy steadied down somewhat. They broke out into the clear at 4,000, as he had forecast, and he took heart.

The plane droned on for three hours before Rick pointed dead ahead, and Cloudy saw the icecap of Greenland emerge out of the distant horizon. They turned up the coast, following the rugged fjords, in which not even a hut could have clung to the precipitous walls. Floe ice hugged the shore line and bergs stood sentinel watch farther at sea.

A letdown feeling began to creep over Cloudy as they flew farther northward. Surely no one could live under these conditions, and, as far as they could tell, this barren coast extended to the northern tip of the island. Deep in his disappointment, Day jumped when Rick suddenly screamed. "Look—over there!"

The pilot's eyes followed Rick's outstretched arm to see a small plane flying inboard of them on a northerly course. Cloudy, a grim, determined grin on his face, throttled down and pulled in a safe distance astern of the small biplane.

Rick said, "Looks like you've got something, Cloudy."

The aerologist nodded, but absentmindedly. This wasn't the set-up he'd figured on, and for a moment it puzzled him. Then he shouted with sheer joy. "Of course—we're right! They base way up north, well out of our way. Then they use their plane to collect meteorological data from automatic recorders they've planted well to the southward. That's how they're able to make such accurate forecasts!"

The biplane turned sharply and glided down into a deep fjord. Cloudy circled, and watched the smaller plane level off above a gravel strip alongside the narrow arm of the sea. At the end of the sand pit which served as a field was a small hut which blended almost perfectly into the rocky background. From it emerged two men as the plane taxied up. The prop stopped, and the pilot jumped out, followed by another man. All four of them bolted back into the shelter.

"They heard us when the pilot cut his switch, so there's no use hiding," declared Cloudy.

Circling, looking down on this spot which had occupied his waking thoughts for so many weeks, even when he had not known where it would be or what it would look like, Cloudy felt a murderous rage. These Heinies had invaded his territory! Down in that small half-concealed spot, they had been busy twisting the weather—his weather—to their own evil ends of destruction, starvation, and death. Even while he admired their efficiency, he resolved with cold determination to destroy it. Not, however, before he had made sure of all their secrets.

"Shall we let them have one?" asked Rick.

Cloudy shook his head. "No. There might be some data in the hut we can use, and we'd destroy it if we bombed them."

CIRCLING lazily over the fjord, Cloudy kept close watch on the surface of the water. He fervently prayed for some slight movement of the ice. Finally, when it came, the nerves tingled all along his spine. "Rick, the tide is beginning to ebb and the ice should be clear within an hour or two. With any luck you could soon sit down there."

"It could be done; but those Huns will pick us off, one by one, as we go ashore in the rubber boat."

"Not if they are kept holed up in the hut, they won't."

"But we can't do both from the plane!"

Cloudy said, "That's right." He began buckling his parachute harness.

"Cloudy, you can't do that! Suppose the ice doesn't clear up. Suppose I can't land to pick you up. We've only fuel enough to hang around here for another two hours—then we've got to shove off!"

"Come back tomorrow."

"You said yourself that nothing would be able to fly tomorrow."

"Even so, Rick, we've got two troop convoys passing through our zone next week."

Ames knew when he was licked. He grinned, "Some people have all the fun!"

Cloudy went aft to the plane captain, to whom he briefly explained the situation. "I won't order you to come with me, but I'm going, and I need your help."

Larson, a tall blond whose hashmarks told of his long years in the navy, shifted a lump from one cheek to the other. He grunted, "They're Heinies, aren't they? Let's go!"

They worked fast. Each secured a rifle tightly to his waist and took up position alongside the side hatches. Over the interphone Cloudy called,

"Rick, swing in upwind at a thousand feet. We'll leave you over the hills so the wind will drift us onto the flat. Stand by to cover us with your machine guns until we can get behind those rocks on the far side of the field."

Rick's "Good luck!" came through the phones as he swung the plane up on one wing and headed up the fjord. Cloudy tapped Larson's broad back, then heaved himself overboard.

Floating softly downward, Day tugged on his risers and twisted himself to face the cabin. He was puzzled when he saw two of the Germans run out and kneel beside their plane. Then he saw a bright flash. He screamed, "Larson, slip your chute! Fast! Right to the ground!"

The whining whistle of a bullet passed uncomfortably close to him as he plummeted earthward, the air spilled out of his chute.

The two canopies blossomed forth barely in time to break their fall. They made their way rapidly to the rocks Cloudy had indicated. But the need for urgent speed had passed. Rick was driving the patrol boat straight at the Germans, his bow machine gun spitting fire. They started to run back to the cabin, but one dropped in his tracks.

Everything was quiet again, except for the giant plane droning endlessly in the sky above. "The ice hasn't cleared yet, but it will soon," said Cloudy aloud, earnestly hoping that he was right. He glanced more and more frequently at his watch. An hour passed. Another half hour. Rick couldn't stick around forever. His gas must be getting dangerously low.

Suddenly Larson's rifle cracked and he shouted, "Look at 'em!"

Two of the Germans had dashed from the hut to the plane. "Let's get them, Larson—they're trying to make a getaway!"

The distance was great, the Germans worked with feverish skill. The plane's engine sprang to life. The pilot opened the throttle wide and the machine rolled rapidly down the gravel bed. Larson kept shooting, but the plane was traveling too swiftly for rifle fire. It had lifted clear of the ground before Rick swooped down. Above the roar of his engines could be heard the chatter of the machine gun. Suddenly a wing of the smaller plane grew limp as Rick's bullets sawed it off. The plane fluttered, then fell to destruction.

Cloudy leaped from behind his rock and ran toward the hut, calling, "Check up on the plane crew, Larson—I'm going after number four."

As he advanced from rock to rock, he glanced at his watch. They had fifteen minutes' grace. If Rick could only manage to sit down! He was lining up his sights to take a shot at the cabin, when the door opened and out walked the remaining Nazi, hands high in the air. They were walking slowly toward each other when Cloudy was overtaken by Larson. "Those two in the plane are washed out," he reported.

Cloudy let his eyes wander for an instant. They lit up, fascinated by the sight of the PBY coming in low, for a spot landing.

RICK was saying, "Skipper, Cloudy would make a pretty good paratrooper."

"We can't spare him," replied MacKintry. The squadron commander's face was beaming as he handed Cloudy a dispatch. "This came today. Communications couldn't make heads nor tails of it, so I told them it was a little private weather advice and I'd be responsible."

Cloudy's hand shook as he tore open the dispatch. His heart pounded as he read:

WEATHER FAIR VISIBILITY UNLIMITED HERE I AM WAITING AND PRAYING FOR A CLOUDY DAY MY LOVE LUCINDA

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Thaddeus Stevens (Barrymore) fights Johnson's nomination for Vice-President at the party caucus.

Stevens, with two Congressional leaders, threatens Johnson with impeachment if he continues to defy them.

Stevens, at stormy impeachment proceedings, hurriedly tallies votes his side can muster against Johnson.

BY HARRIET GOULD

TENNESSEE JOHNSON

MOVIE critics have been at one another hot and heavy ever since M-G-M announced it was going to make Tennessee Johnson, a picture based on the life of Andrew Johnson. Originally entitled The Man on America's Conscience, the film was called by one newspaper reviewer "the movie on M-G-M's conscience." Other reviewers were just as violently in favor of it as a sincere attempt to portray a much misunderstood period in United States political history.

The picture has roused the full fury of a long-standing historical controversy as to whether Johnson was an honest but misunderstood follower of Lincoln's policies or an arch reactionary who battled Congress and fought Republican leader Thaddeus Stevens on his anti-slaveholder measures.

Tennessee Johnson favors the first version. It is a fast résumé of Johnson's life, starting with his rise from an illiterate tailor's apprentice to county sheriff. Then, in quick stages, it follows him through his political career as governor, United States senator, Vice-President, President (after the assassination of Lincoln), and his near-impeachment by Congress.

M-G-M admits in a foreword that it has taken liberties with history in the name of dramatic license. And it has indeed!

The original version of the picture raised such a storm of protest from liberal and Negro groups, and other admirers of Thaddeus Stevens as a fighter for Negro rights, that the Office of War Information suggested to M-G-M that it do some reshooting to soften its villainous characterization of Stevens.

Tennessee Johnson isn't likely to raise as much of a row among moviegoers as it did among the critics, but it will probably send audiences scrambling home for their old history books. And, depending on what historian's version you believe, the picture will either stir you or rouse your ire.

But no matter what side you're on, Tennessee Johnson is a good film technically—well acted and directed, and Van Heflin as Johnson and Lionel Barrymore as Thaddeus Stevens are both excellent in their roles.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

CHETNIKS!

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

AN honest portrayal of a people fighting for their country always makes an exciting and dramatic film. That's what Chetniks! is—as action-packed as a Western. The film is dedicated to Mihailovich, leader of the best known guerrilla brigade—but what the script writers have done is borrow the thrilling story of all the fighting Yugoslavian bands, showing their bravery and resourcefulness. Philip Dorn and Anna Sten head the cast.

MARGIN FOR ERROR

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

CONGRESSWOMAN CLARE LUCE'S pre-Pearl Harbor stage success gets second-rate treatment in its translation to the screen. The humor of the very funny original situation—in which New York's mayor assigns Patrolman Moe Finklestein to guard the Nazi consul—gets lost in a welter of slow direction and sloppy rewriting. Otto Preminger repeats his stage role of the nasty Nazi, and Joan Bennett is his unhappy wife. Milton Berle as Finklestein does as well as his lines permit.

BEHIND THE SCENES

MAKING AIR FORCE

WHEN Warner Brothers—at the instigation of General "Hap" Arnold of the Army Air Corps—decided to make Air Force, the studio embarked on one of its toughest and longest shooting schedules. This story about a Flying Fortress and its crew took five months of actual shooting before it was ready to be shown to Washington officials for approval.

Plenty of problems faced the movie technicians on this assignment, for the picture is packed with scenes of tremendous air fights and other effects equally hard to reproduce.

Most of the action of the film takes place either inside the Flying Fortress or on one of the airfields in the Philippines in the early days of December, 1941. Five of our outlying airfields had to be authentically reproduced for the picture.

The cast and crew—150 men—were transported to Drew Field in Florida for six weeks. They had to move a half mile of Florida jungle for the settings—with the thermometer at 110.

The outdoor shots used one of the real Flying Fortresses stationed at Drew Field. But in the midst of the photographing the planes left for maneuvers. The cast had to wait for a week before they came back. The sequences inside the plane were filmed in Hollywood, where Warners have a perfect reproduction of a B-17 that can be taken apart for shots in the turret, bomb bay, etc.

The technicians had an interesting problem when the script called for planes to dive-bomb a field from a fifty-foot height. Electricians planted charges at specified spots on the field and marked them. The planes dived at the spots, and just as the nose of the ship pulled up, the charges were set off, simulating a dropped bomb—even to the terrific updraft which tossed the plane straight up.

No real ammunition was used, of course, so the removable turret guns of the Flying Fortress were operated with compressed gas to reproduce the rapid-bursting sound of the firing and the hard recoil of these guns (resulting in some very real black-and-blue shoulders).

How they filmed the battle scenes, or got close-ups of Jap Zeros bursting apart in the air, or pictured the destruction of a fifteen-ship task force—Warners is keeping a trade secret. But they have certainly given moviegoers one of the most exciting and authentic pictures of this war.

(Warner Brothers.)

GREER GARSON

HENRY FONDA

ROSALIND RUSSELL

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) John Garfield, Harry Carey	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid	*Thriller* (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia) Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke	*Drama* (Norway fights back at the Nazis).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
FOR ME AND MY GAL (M-G-M) Judy Garland, Gene Kelly	*Musical drama* (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
GEORGEWASHINGTON SLEPT HERE (Warners) Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny	*Slapstick comedy* (city dweller goes back to nature).	More hilarious than the play . . . Benny is indeed a funny man. (11-14-42)
I MARRIED A WITCH (United Artists) Veronica Lake, Fredric March	*Comedy* (incredible doings of a resurrected witch).	Delightfully irresponsible . . . for escapist fun it is not to be missed. (11-28-42)
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) Noel Coward	*Drama* (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET (M-G-M) Robert Young, Laraine Day	*War drama* (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (20th-Fox) Monty Woolley, Ida Lupino	*Comic melodrama* (broken-down actor attempts a comeback).	Dialogue, direction, and acting compensate for unoriginal plot. (1-9-43)
NOW, VOYAGER (Warners) Bette Davis, Paul Henreid	*Psychological drama* (case history of a thwarted neurotic).	Davis' performance magnificent . . . wonderful cast and direction. (10-3-42)
PITTSBURGH (Universal) Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott	*Melodrama* (lusty story of coal-mining town).	Effective propaganda . . . good entertainment, too . . . sure to please. (1-9-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) Ronald Colman, Greer Garson	*Love story* (amnesia brings two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten	*Thriller* (a murderer gets in the family bosom).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton	*Navy drama* (life on a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM (Paramount) All-star cast	*Musical comedy* (Paramount in revue—stars, producers, sets).	Pace and polish of a Broadway musical, but with more plot. (1-30-43)
THE BLACK SWAN (20th-Fox) Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara	*Sea thriller* (bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Will linger as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount) Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings on the African desert).	Moviegoers will roll in the aisles . . . Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)
YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (Columbia) Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth	*Musical* (American dancer involved in a good neighbor's policy).	Incandescent entertainment . . . sparkling tunes and dancing. (12-5-42)

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SPOUSE?

Continued from Page 23

always there for the taking, demanding it as a right like a second helping of potatoes. This is a common barrier builder, antagonizing the woman and making her cold.

On the other hand, undue demands on the man will frighten him, sicken him and disgust him through surfeit. Love, like friendship, is kept fresh by never outwearing its welcome.

It is wrong for a wife to think she must not make advances or set allure traps for her man because "it is silly for an old married woman." Also there is a dangerous tradition that the woman should always let the man make the first move toward an affair. Whereas the truth is that his wife probably caught him in the first place by inducing the advance.

The answer to the multiple complications which false moves in sex can induce are, it appears to me, best covered by a few general rules of behavior. Never to be shy, never dishonest, never to cheapen the marital relation either by coarseness or by its opposite—prudishness. And if one has made these unfortunate errors, to cultivate their opposites instead. And above all to remember that sex is as glorious as we ourselves make it.

The early days of marriage have implanted a thousand keys to happiness, if only we will remember and use them. I mean little tricks like calling each other by pet names or some equally silly but deeply important thing which has a private meaning all our intimate own. These small understandings are what makes possible an enduring union.

YOU once, remember, were married to an attractive person. Has that person really changed or have you merely forgotten to check up? Try giving your spouse the same sort of glad eye you've been handing around elsewhere, and see what happens. Forget false modesty and reticence. Make a good, healthy pass —and then look out!

All this was part of my own cure and so I know that it can work. The woman who can attain this rebuilding of her private life may still enjoy Clark Gable without her imagination carrying her into his arms.

As for her husband—well, there is no reason why a good healthy whistle should not still be evoked by a pretty leg. A satisfied man can give a pretty leg its due without even a suggestion of disloyalty to his *real* love.

THE END

TWO FIGHTERS

BY

WILLIS N. ("Jersey") JONES

Schmeling kissing the canvas for the third time in round one of the June 22, 1938, bout.

TWO men stood in the ring in 1936, one a white German, the other a black American. They fought, and the black man went down to crushing defeat.

"What was wrong?" he was asked.

"Nothin'," he said simply. "I got whupped, that's all."

No alibi was offered. He took his beating like a game sport and gentleman.

But his opponent went back to Germany, his pockets full of money, his mouth full of bragging lies.

"That Negro is a foul fighter," he said to the newspapermen of his own race, "but I took him."

When Joe Louis heard that Schmeling had maligned him, he felt bitter hatred. Only one thing could cure it. He wanted a chance at "that Smellin' " again. For two years he waited, then a return match was arranged.

A black cyclone met the German heavyweight. Even as he entered the ring Schmeling sensed disaster. Before the bell rang he had the look of a beaten man. He cowered on the defense from the start, and threw only two faint-hearted punches. The massacre lasted 2 minutes 4 seconds —one of the shortest battles in major ring history.

Those who saw him show the yellow streak before the fury of Joe Louis remembered he howled long and lustily that he was "robbed" when he lost the heavyweight championship to Jack Sharkey on a close decision in 1932, while only two years before he had won the title from that same Sharkey while sitting on that canvas yelling "Foul!"

Entering the ranks of their respective nations' armies, it was fitting that these two fighters should typify so perfectly the conflicting principles and characteristics in back of them.

Schmeling, as observed in this country during the decade 1929-38, was seen to be arrogant, envious, greedy for money, and with no sense of loyalty or gratitude. After discarding his original manager, who had brought him to New York, Schmeling remained "loyal" to his next choice, Joe Jacobs, only because "Yussel the Muscle" had the "right" connections with promoters and press.

And though he was a good fighter, he could be licked before he started, as Joe Louis proved. As a member of the Nazi Party and soldier in the German army, he was given charge of one of the most brutal concentration camps in Europe—Osciecim in Poland—which he bossed for more than a year. Later he became an officer in the Nazi parachute troops, was wounded in Crete, and announced his permanent retirement from the ring.

Unlike Schmeling, the Brown Bomber was always a modest winner and gallant loser. Born in poverty, his fame and wealth have left him unspoiled. Honesty and loyalty are as natural to him as breathing. Prize-fighting is a hard-bitten and often dirty business, but Joe Louis has kept it cleaner than it ever has been. Before he enlisted, he gave his winnings in a bout to the Navy Relief Society. Now he's a sergeant in the cavalry.

Americans like Joe Louis don't make a practice of hating, but they can hate if shocked into it by some violent outrage to their sense of decency and fair play, such as the one experienced by Louis after his first bout with Schmeling. An aroused American, like an aroused Joe Louis, can be a fearful thing to a hated enemy.

A lot of other Max Schmelings in Berlin—and their yellow counterparts in Tokyo—are learning what one Max Schmeling learned in a New York ring nearly five years ago.

THE END

Max Schmeling as a Nazi parachute officer.

The Brown Bomber in his U. S. Army uniform.

"I got your message," Walters said. "What is it that you're willing?"

"I'm willing to eat one of your best steaks and forgive you for past offenses."

"Ah-ah, McHugh." Ben Walters wagged his head indulgently.

They got to talking about usual things then: food, the crowdedness of the capital, the tire situation, the heat—above all, the heat. And that brought them around to why any one who didn't have to be was in Washington.

"But I am on business of a sort," protested Elizabeth.

"She's a writer," explained McHugh. "Books."

"Ah," Walters nodded.

"THE work in progress," McHugh was explaining, "has a Washington angle. So this is in the nature of material collecting. Even this meal—"

The steaks had come and Elizabeth surveyed them with admiration.

"Good red meat deserves good red wine." Walters beckoned to the waiter. "Bring us a bottle of Burgundy," he said, "and three glasses. We will drink to Miss Neff's literary success."

"Ben, I shall sup here more frequently with attractive young ladies. I can see it pays," said McHugh.

"I did not know writers were such attractive young ladies," countered Walters. "Will you be in Washington long, Miss Neff?"

"Just as long as it takes me to get a good idea of the city," said Elizabeth cautiously.

"We must take her sight-seeing, must we not, McHugh? I enjoy showing this famous city to strangers."

The wine came, and he poured it. He lifted his glass for the toast. "What do you write about, Miss Neff?"

"Murder," said Elizabeth

He pulled his red lips back from his teeth in a wide grin and touched her glass gently with his own. "Then we must drink to a very successful murder."

During the rest of the meal they talked about Washington and what parts of it they would show Elizabeth that night. Walters seemed to assume he was coming on the sight-seeing tour with them, and McHugh was agreeable. Whatever misgivings Elizabeth had she suppressed. Walters could hardly attempt any showdown with her in front of McHugh—provided he had any idea who she was. She had tried through dinner to get him to give away some knowledge about her identity, but with no success. Perhaps he hadn't yet been warned.

At any rate it piqued her sense of adventure to go driving about Washington in McHugh's car, tucked snugly between the reporter and Ben Walters. She felt Walters' knee pressed close to hers, the warmth of his body through his white linen coat. As she looked at the silent marble buildings by moonlight she looked at them always in the frame of his profile, past the round snub nose and the soft triangle of beard.

When they had seen the regulation sights, Walters suggested that they show Elizabeth the wharves.

"My boat is docked at the Potomac Yacht Club. We can cool off, quench our thirst, admire the city, the river, and the moon all at once."

"I'm sorry, but could I have a rain check?" asked Elizabeth. "It's late and, though I hate to admit it, I'm falling asleep."

"See what you do to her, Ben," said McHugh. "When I called for her she was rarin' to go. Absolutely insisted on eating at your place, too."

"Ah?" Walters was silent the rest of the way back to his restaurant.

After they dropped him off, McHugh took Elizabeth to her hotel.

"Say, we didn't have much of a chance to talk about your books, did we? There are lots of things I want to ask you, lady. How about lunch tomorrow? No, I can't tomorrow. The day after? I'll call for you at twelve?"

"Good," said Elizabeth. "If I do have to leave town before then, I'll phone you. And thanks again. It's been fun."

"Do I get an autographed copy, Neff?"

"You do, McHugh. Good night."

DIAL-ECTIC

Suppose I love you? Need it then be true
That I should love your favorite broadcast too?

—MARGARET MOCHRIE.

AS soon as she got into her room Elizabeth put a long-distance call through to the Weathervane Inn at Martha's Vineyard. When Jeff answered, she said:

"Hi. Is it raining up there?"

THE clock on the dashboard said eleven o'clock when a red neon sign shone garishly out of the blackness of the road ahead. It said: Jim Johnson's Tavern and Cabins. Jeff drew the car up alongside a row of others parked behind the central building.

"I think Jim Johnson is going to be our host for the night," he said softly.

Carola was leaning back, her eyes closed. She didn't answer him.

"This is where we'll stop for the night, Carola," he said loudly.

Still she didn't answer. Her breathing was even. She really was asleep. Quietly Jeff got out of the car and half ran over the graveled lot toward the tavern. The sound of juke-box music was coming through the screen door. He heard the clink of silverware and a man's rowdy laugh.

Inside, the bartender turned out to be Jim Johnson.

"O. K." Johnson took a battered register out from under the bar and pushed it across to Jeff. "Two dollars. Been on the road long?"

"Since six o'clock this morning." Jeff signed the register: "Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, New York City." It turned out that Jim Johnson read upside down with ease.

"New York City? What you been doin'? Walkin'?"

"We've come from Massachusetts," explained Jeff. "How far are we from Washington?"

"Not very far," said Jim Johnson. "No, siree, not very far." He tossed a key on the bar. "Here you are—the fifth cabin from the right as you go out. It's called Journey's End."

Jeff went over to the phone booth and grabbed the book.

WHEN the operator at the Selwyn House rang her room, Elizabeth answered immediately.

"Weren't you sleeping?"

"Oh, Jeff! I was hoping it was you. Where are you?"

"Get a pencil and listen carefully."

"There's one right here. Are you all right?"

"So far. Now write this down. I'm at a tourist camp a few miles north of Washington. I don't know how many—but not far. Carola Ballister is with me."

"Whee!"

"Here's what you are to do! Get a taxi and come out here. Just get on Route 36 and drive until you see a red neon sign saying Jim Johnson's Tavern and Cabins. When you get here, dismiss the taxi. Your car is parked in the parking lot in back of the tavern. The keys are in it and the securities are in the baggage compartment under the tools in the toolbox. Drive back to your hotel, take the stuff up to your room, and don't dare to move out of it until I come for you tomorrow morning. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir."

"If any one notices you when you get here, walk in, look around as if you're meeting some one, have a beer, if necessary, and watch your chance to get out. Liz, I hate to mix you up in it like this. If you'd rather not, just tell me."

"Are you crazy?"

"Listen, Liz. Be careful. Any one hanging around you?"

"I don't think so."

"Try taking two or three taxis before you come out here—but hurry."

"May I ask you a question? How are you going to explain the disappearance of the car to her ladyship?"

"I won't be able to. In righteous wrath we'll go to the nearest police station to report it. Once we're with the police I'm going to get talkative."

"Good."

"When this night is over, Liz, life will look more normal, then I—"

"Better go now, Jeff. See you tomorrow."

Jeff heard the faraway hollow sound as she hung up. He went back to the car. At the sight of Carola sleeping, his own lids seemed to fall heavily over his eyes. He woke her and they dragged their two suitcases to the fifth cabin on the right. In the moonlight Carola could just about make out the lettering on the door.

"Journey's End?" She laughed and looked meaningfully up at Jeff. "Or journey's beginning?"

JEFF was dreaming that he was in the sea again up at the Weathervane beach and that the waves were washing over his head. He wanted to lift himself above them, but something strong across his breast kept him from moving. The water was getting into his mouth and choking him. He could hear his own coughing. Again he struggled to get up. He felt as if he were suffocating. You damn fool, he thought, this is a dream. You're in bed. You're not drowning. But the weight was pushing him down under the black water. He screamed, and no sound came.

Then he was jerked upright and he could breathe a little bit past the thick gag that was in his mouth. The voice was low and tense, close to his ear.

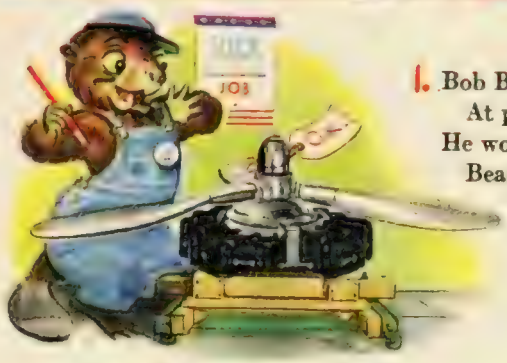
"Come along, Mr. Piper," it said, "quietly and quickly, if you please."

Some one helped him to his feet and, holding him by his bound arms, led him out of the cabin. They got into the back of a large car.

"On the floor, Mr. Piper, if you please."

Jeff wriggled down onto the floor of the car. Some one else was already lying there. He twisted around, but the blackness was too intense to permit him to see anything. Then a hand shoved his head down hard

Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Bob Beaver is a demon
At producing airplane motors;
He works just *like* a beaver,
Beating all production quotas!

2. Bess Beaver tends the home front;
She's a wizard on Nutrition.
(Of course she saves the kitchen fats
To help make ammunition!)

3. So Bob and Bess together
Are a timely illustration
Of a Happy Blend of virtues—
Yes, a matchless combination!

4. The same is true of CALVERT—
It's a Happy Blending too, sir.
A blend of noble whiskey traits
Perfected just for *you*, sir.

Here flavor, smoothness, lightness merge
To make a whiskey treasure.
Be wise and choose the Happy Blend—
It's tops in drinking pleasure!

Clear Heads Choose

Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

and he lay with his cheek against a silk-stockinged leg. The motor started and the car began to move. Was Elizabeth, too, lying on the floor bound and gagged beside him? How stupid he was to think he could go through with any plan of his against them. How careless and childlike he had been with his picture of himself marching into the F. B. I. to turn over Carola and the securities and the details of the plot. Now the game was really over. He thought of Liz, the way her profile tightened when she was puzzled, her cool expression when she had first looked at him on the train, the yellow house coat she had worn at breakfast a thousand years ago. Was she lying here beside him now? He wriggled again and then lay still, tears of fury filling his eyes.

FINALLY the car stopped. They must be somewhere near the river for the unmistakable smell of the water front was all about them. Jeff was taken out of the car first, and with anxiety he watched while one female figure emerged after him. There was no one else—just their two bags tossed to the ground. Their three captors were silent hulking men who worked together like parts of a machine, without a word among them. The driver of the car placed himself between Jeff and Carola. The other two men flanked them and they moved rapidly across the shore toward a dock. The masts of several boats were visible and the dim outlines of a near-by building. They were evidently at some boating club.

"Quietly, if you please."

They walked down the dock to the silhouetted hull of a yacht about thirty feet long. One of the men sprang lightly onto the deck and Jeff and Carola were helped over to him. They descended a couple of narrow stairs, a door was opened, they were pushed into a tiny room, and the door was locked behind them.

The room smelled of cooking. Jeff explored cautiously in the dark, inching about so that his hands, tied as they were behind his back, could touch objects. He felt the coldness of metal as he moved along what must have been the icebox and then the rubber mat of the sink. Two little handles and some pipes meant a stove. They were in the galley.

When the first glimmer of dawn came through the portholes Jeff could see Carola slumped near the door. By heaven, she was mussed up at last in her torn and twisted dress. Her hair was a wild jumble and the gag in her mouth stretched her lips like a clown's. Only her eyes looked out at him unchanged, not jesting now, but full of fight. He had to hand it to her for that. They stared at each other until the slow rocking motion of the boat and their own exhaustion brought sleep.

THE key rattled in the lock, and a boy in immaculate white pants walked into the galley. The sun was well up by this time and the little room was furnace-like. Jeff's mouth felt as if it were stuffed with cotton batting. His whole body ached from its restricted position on the hard floor. The boy cut the ropes from Carola's arms and removed her gag. He did the same for Jeff. They sat on the floor rubbing their hands while the boy poured a cup of water for each of them. He bent down and placed the water on the floor beside them as if they were some kind of wild animals. He seemed afraid of them, placing the cups, and then springing back as if they might bite.

"Whose boat is this?" Jeff asked as soon as his throat was lubricated. The boy frowned, unanswering.

"Where's your boss?" Jeff tried. "Who owns this boat?" The boy's eyes widened but he didn't speak.

"More water," said Carola, holding up her cup, "more water, please."

This time they got a reaction. The boy's hairless arm darted out and dashed the cup from her hand. It clattered on the floor. He let out a torrent of angry-sounding gutturals and backed slowly out of the galley, locking the door behind him.

"SORT of short-tempered, isn't he?" Jeff remarked, retrieving the cup and filling it.

Carola drank deeply, keeping her eyes, grown thoughtful now, on Jeff.

"He called you some names—"

"Very bad ones, no doubt."

"Don't you understand German?"

Jeff shook his head. "No, why should I?"

"But for your work, your friends—wasn't it necessary to—"

"You forget that I was their American representative. Strictly one hundred per cent Uncle Sam—in case any one should ask questions. Me—working for the Bund or the Nazis! Why, I could take a lie-detector test that I didn't know a word of German."

"But, Jeffrey my dear, I understand German perfectly. The boy called you a filthy American meddler. He said you would find out what happened to those who interfered with Herr Somebody."

"I bet it won't be pleasant either."

Carola's eyes flickered. "Something in the way he said it made me think that you—"

She was interrupted by the sound of some one unlocking the door to the galley. When it opened they saw the inside of the boat's main cabin, the bunks along its walls, luxuriously upholstered in blue and white leather. At one end there was a round table riveted to the floor, and lounging carelessly on the curved seat behind it was Amos Trask.

With a searing flash a picture came into Jeff's mind. He reeled a little as he stood in the doorway. It was a memory of Trask's room at the Weathervane the night he had asked Jeff in for a drink. Trask had flung a pair of swimming trunks off a chair to make a place for him to sit down. And now Jeff heard again the heavy damp clop as they struck the floor beside the little puddle of water that had dripped off them. *Trask had gone swimming the afternoon that Henry Ballister was drowned.*

"Good morning, my friends," Trask was saying. "Come in and have some

coffee with me. Karl," he addressed the man who had unlocked the door, "make some coffee, please."

Karl went into the galley.

"Sit down, sit down." Trask waved genially at the seats around the cabin. "I am sorry that your sleep was interrupted last night, but Jim Johnson's is not famous for good beds anyway."

"Hadn't we better cut the movie-villain dialogue and get down to business," said Jeff. "We can dispense with your apologies."

Trask's face hardened. He was wearing a short-sleeved sport shirt and his muscular arm, a little sunburned now, rippled as he clenched his fist.

"As you say, Mr. Piper, we can indeed dispense with niceties. Our business is simple. You tell me where the papers are and our business will be complete."

Jeff hoped his face was expressionless.

"Now, Mr. Piper, I must confess I did not expect you to pour this information out to me the moment I asked you for it. I knew that some persuasion would be necessary. You are a bold young man and you have not hesitated to risk your life to uncover our activities and dabble in our affairs. I hardly expected that at my request you would divulge a powerful secret to me. I say I hardly expected—but for your sake, I hoped—I hoped."

"The securities are in the hands of government men," said Jeff curtly. "I imagine they will be calling on you soon."

Trask's face broke into a smile.

"Mr. Piper, I must insist that your attempts to be a hero have failed. Such a promising lawyer might better have stayed in Cleveland and attended to less dangerous business—"

THE last word was lost in a sharp sound that came from Carola. She had stood up and her eyes were blazing. With her hair Medusa-like all over her head and her streaked distorted face, she looked like some caricature of fury.

"I'll tell you where the securities are!" she screamed at Trask. "They're in the back of his car. In the luggage compartment, under the tools in the tool chest." She advanced toward Trask and stood leaning over the table, her face close to his, "and the car is parked behind Jim Johnson's Tavern."

With a cry she sprang at Jeff, clawing at his face. Trask grabbed for her.

"Karl! Karl!" he called, running around the table to aid Jeff. Karl came in and the three men overpowered Carola. When she ceased struggling they laid her out on one of the bunks. She was breathing in hoarse gasps.

"Hysterics," remarked Trask. "Take her into the stateroom, Karl, and get some cold water and a cloth for her face."

When Carola had been removed, Trask turned again to Jeff.

"So they were in the car. Naturally, we thought that, when we discovered the young lady had driven it away. Very well, then," Trask's strong square fingers tapped rhythmically on the table, "I shall call on Miss Neff myself and get them. Room 502 at the Selwyn House. Correct?" He raised his eyes slowly to meet Jeff's eyes.

"I imagine you are concerned about Miss Neff's health," he said. "I don't blame you. An attractive girl with quite a talent, I understand—but just a little overconfident, as young ladies today are apt to be. What a pity she didn't stick to writing stories."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Jeff.

Trask bent down and pulled open a drawer in a small chest and took out a paper and pencil. "I want you to write a note," he said. "Sit down

How MUCH* are YOU smoking?

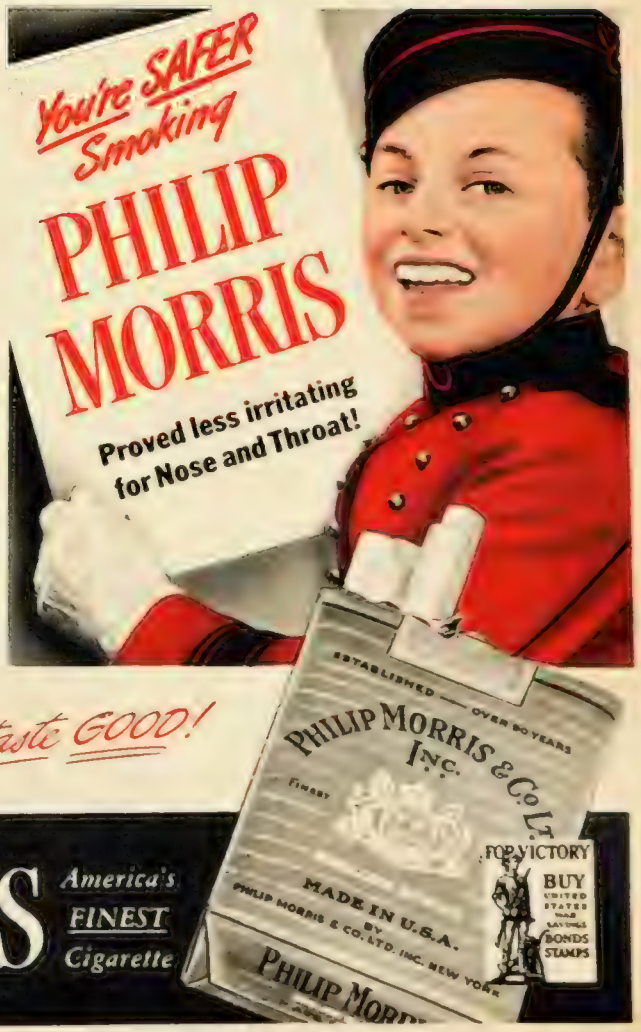
*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

WHETHER *you* are smoking *more*—or smoking *less*—note this:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence *clearly proves* them *less irritating* to the nose and throat.



And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS America's FINEST Cigarette

and I'll tell you what the contents are to be."

Jeff sat down and picked up the pencil, but the room rocked before his eyes and his head dropped to the table. Trask hurried into the galley and reappeared with a coffeepot and a cup.

"Here you are, Mr. Piper." He held the steaming beverage to Jeff's lips. "This will fix you up."

Jeff sipped slowly, stalling for time, trying to think—think what to do. How could he communicate the danger to Elizabeth? The trouble was they hadn't known each other long enough. Most lovers—and for the first time he admitted to himself that he thought of the two of them as in love—had pet phrases, secret words that conveyed a world of private meanings. But they had nothing. There was not a thing he could slip past Trask and still make clear to Elizabeth.

He had to write the note, he knew that. If Trask and his henchmen went to Elizabeth without it and she put up a struggle, they would treat her brutally, even kill her if necessary. On the other hand, if his note would persuade her to hand over the securities to them they might conceivably threaten her and let her go. In his heart he knew they would never leave her at liberty while they held him—for she would stop at nothing to find him. But even if they brought her back here, they might not hurt her, if she came willingly.

"YOU will write," said Trask, "that you needed help when you were at the Weathervane and decided to confide in me. That you felt that I could be trusted and that I am as vehemently in sympathy with what you are trying to do as she is. You will write that I came to Washington with you to help you. You will write that you are with Carola Ballister and dare not leave her, so you have sent me for the securities and you wish Miss Neff to come back with me to where you are hiding. You will reassure her that as soon as we arrive we will all make preparations to turn the securities and Carola over to your government men, Mr. Piper."

Jeff wrote rapidly and handed the note to Trask.

"After you have the securities, I take it Miss Neff and I will be allowed to leave this boat?"

"As soon as we have talked things over, Mr. Piper. As soon as we have bargained a bit."

Will Liz fall into Trask's trap? See what happens in the final chapter of this tense tale of a ruthless spy ring and a courageous and quick-witted pair. Coming next week!

LADY ON A FLAGPOLE—Continued from Page 15

indiscriminately against autumn leaves and reporters.

Aunt Sarah thought it was nobody's business.

But not Jenny.

"There are many men in public office," she stated for publication, "who do not deserve to be there—some because they haven't the proper attitudes toward their jobs; others because they are ill-equipped to speak for their constituents. In my opinion, Mark Mercer is not prepared to cope with the problems a leader of the people might meet in these terribly critical times."

"TAKE the car, Jenny," I pleaded. We were sitting in Ollie's, on Maple Boulevard, sipping hot chocolates.

Her big eyes answered me in terms of unflinching principle. I knew I couldn't sway her. Fred Sawyer, sales manager of the local Coronet Agency, had tried. His list of prospective customers had been cut in half.

People were following Jenny's lead, and sales were dropping off all over the state.

For days the mailman's bag had been flowing over with brochures and sales letters pointing out to Jenny the superior qualities of the Coronet.

I could understand how alarmed an automobile company might be to discover it couldn't *give* its product away.

"A new car," I murmured; "a piece of machinery more beautiful than a human being—"

"Please try to understand, Max," she sighed. "I know I must appear an abject idiot, but this runs deep in me. For years I've talked to my pupils about Frances Wright, Lucretia Mott, the Grimké sisters, Susan B. Anthony—pioneers who fought the battle for woman suffrage. I believe in them and in my heritage."

"Let's go home," I said. "It's almost ten."

I was kissing Jenny good night on the porch steps when a voice said, "Ah, there! Ah, good evening!"

A tall masculine figure lifted from a hammock in the semidarkness. "Good evening," he said again. "Miss Jennifer Tobit?"

"This is she," I said. "And I'm Maxwell Brock."

"How do you do? I am Mark Mercer."

"Mark Mercer!" I exclaimed.

"The people's choice," he added drolly.

I turned to Jenny. She said stiffly, "Come inside, Mr. Mercer. Please." And we went in.

Mercer turned out to be better-looking than his campaign posters indicated. A tall man without the mark of a bad year on his clean features; impeccably groomed; labeled "Class" and "Expensive." A fellow could feel seedy standing near him.

Jenny indicated a chair in the parlor, and he sat down, perfectly at ease.

"Cigarette?" he said, offering a gold case. Jenny shook her head. "Mind if I smoke?" he said. She shook her head.

He smiled at her in a friendly manner. "Why am I here? . . . I was passing. I wanted to meet in person the young lady who dislikes me so much. I wanted to ask her why she refuses to take my car?"

MERCER was smooth, I could see. He was smart and cool. But Jenny was unabashed.

"Since you ask me, Mr. Mercer," she said finally, "I'll be explicit—"

He held up his hand gracefully. "I take it back," he grinned. "You've been explicit enough in your statements to the newspapers—I'm not equipped to deal with the problems a senator might meet, and so forth and so forth." He leaned forward earnestly. "Now that I see you, Miss Tobit, I really believe you are sincere, and I'm going to be honest with you."

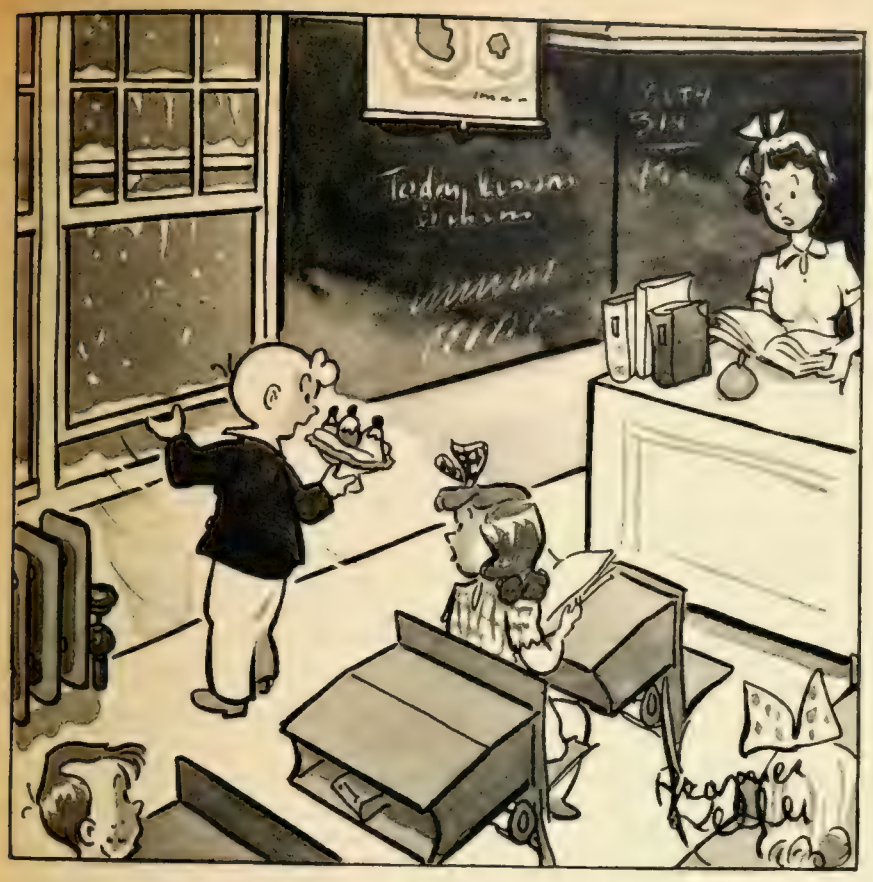
He looked at me uneasily. Jenny said, "Mr. Brock is my friend."

"Oh, of course." Then he studied the tip of his cigarette a moment. "Now, what I really came here for was to lay my cards on the table. In some way you've become a symbol of dissent in this campaign. Frankly, I find this disconcerting." He paused, then looked up. "What do I have to do to make you accept that car?"

"Take your hat out of the ring,"

FOOTNOTES

36 m. p. h.



"Can I keep my lunch on the windowsill? It's a banana split."

Jenny said flatly. "Don't run for office."

He stiffened and frowned. "Aren't you being a bit naïve, my dear girl?" he asked. "I've known a lot of politicians in my time, and none of them appeared to be extraordinary. After all, what must one know to be a politician?"

Jenny walked to a bookshelf and indicated a row of texts on government and history. "What's wrong with these?" She turned toward her visitor and considered him with sober interest. "Mr. Mercer," she asked, "can you recite the Preamble to the Constitution?"

"Now you're being childish," he replied. And he started to recite confidently. But, to his own apparent surprise, he was fumbling before he reached the end.

"You see," Jenny said, "you don't even know as much as the members of my night class."

"I'm not a candidate for a quiz program," Mercer said stiffly. "My object in coming here was to ask you to take my car. Naturally, I am prepared to make it worth your while. We produce a custom-built model that's really a honey."

I nudged Jenny. "Take it, take it."

But she ignored me completely as she faced Mark Mercer with her arms folded.

"Of course you're prepared to make it worth my while," she declared earnestly. "But are you prepared to read these books, know them, believe them? Are you prepared to feel the responsibility and dignity of the office to which you aspire?"

He stared at her calmly. "Are those the conditions whereby you will accept a Coronet Eight?"

"They are indeed, Mr. Mercer."

He smiled suddenly. "I think I'll stay in town for a short while. And if you don't mind, Miss Tobit, I think I'll drop up to your night class. There's no telling but what I might benefit immensely by your lectures."

He rose to his feet, bowed slightly. "Good night, Miss Tobit, and thank you. I have the feeling this evening has not been at all wasted."

"Good night," Jenny said warily. "Thank you for coming."

"JENNY, Jenny," I groaned, flopping onto a couch when he had gone. "This is fowl in the pot. This is bread and honey. That lad is primed to raise the ante, and he'll probably throw in a car radio and de luxe trimmings."

"Bribery!" Jenny sniffed. "Oh, Max darling, you poor but dishonest young editor!"

"Can't you see what I see? A plot of ground. A little white house and a big white garage. Our garage. And in it our Coronet Eight. . . . Please, Jenny. Take the car."

"Maybe I will in time, Max. I intend to be fair with Mark Mercer. If he proves himself as sincere as he says he is—"

"You don't really expect him to stay here to prove it, do you? There's a campaign going on."

She really expected him to stay—and he did.

He stayed for three weeks in the best suite our Criterion Hotel for Business Men had to offer.

"McIntoshes," said elderly Mr. Apperson the grocer. "He brings her a big red McIntosh apple every evening and puts it on her desk."

"Hothouse roses," Frank Pulaski the mechanic informed me. "Loaded them on her desk—in a big blue vase."

I DIDN'T need Pulaski or Apperson to tell me. Jenny was only too glad to give me all the details herself. Up to now, Miss Vogel, the corsetière, had been Jenny's star pupil. But now Mark Mercer was waving his hand frantically and jumping up to recite at the slightest provocation.

"He's really trying," Jenny said, "and perfectly sincere."

"Sure," I nodded. "But that's not what you told me when you listened to his last radio speech. The one that began, 'This is my own, my native land—' Remember?"

"I'm afraid I do," she said, wincing slightly at the memory.

"You said it was a meaningless hodgepodge of cliché promises calculated to deceive the voting public."

She smiled. "Any political fledgling is apt to be hypnotized by his own high-sounding if meaningless phrases. But doing what he's doing now—mixing with ordinary people—is rapidly giving him the 'common touch.' I think the issues in his next speech might be more clear. He told me so, and he told me he's very grateful to me for showing him the light."

Mercer, it developed, was so grateful that he felt obliged to carry Jenny's books to class every evening and walk her home afterward.

"Max," Jenny said to me a few days later, "I know you don't like Mark, but you're wrong. He's going to speak on the air soon, and he plans to make some statements that will rock this state to its foundations."

The way she said it, her eyes shining, made me shudder. "Listen, Jenny," I said. "Can you take your mind off teacher's pet long enough to make a date with me for next Saturday night? They've got a new band over at the roadhouse, and—"

"Saturday night?" she asked. "Oh,

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

MONKLE: A monkey's uncle.

NEWSPEPPER: Hot off the press.

SLIMBS: Skinny gams.

THROUGHSEAU: The bridal finery back in the old trunk.

BUZZBANDRY: The care of bees.

LAUGHTERMATH: When Fred Allen's show is over.

FOURTITUDE: What the mother of quadruplets needs.

GNATURALIST: A guy who goes around looking for little flies.

PROFISHENT: Good at angling.

PSALMNAMBULIST: A preacher who walks in his sleep.

I'm so sorry, Max. Really I am."

"What's wrong?"

"I promised Mark—there's this dance at the County Golf Club—"

"Oh, well, naturally, you've got to go with him."

"You don't mind? Darling, it's just that I feel I can do so much for him."

"Sure, sure."

But what about me?

That's what I wanted to know. What about me? I asked myself that about forty times Saturday night while I had beer at the roadhouse and Marty's Musical Madcaps made the night repulsive with sound.

A man could go out of his mind listening to jitterbug music, watching young people swing each other around tirelessly. A man needed air —a long walk maybe. . . .

AT two in the morning I was rocking disconsolately in the hammock on Aunt Sarah's porch. At two thirty a car drove up, and it was *they*.

Mark Mercer came around the front of his custom-built roadster to open the door for Jenny. She was suspended in a billowy dress that I remembered from our last formal. I could almost smell the perfume she used.

"Another dance," I heard her say, "and I'd have needed a new pair of heels. My head is spinning."

"I can see the bubbles coming out of your ears," Mercer laughed. "Champagne cocktails become you."

Jenny held out her hand. "Good night, Mark, and thank you."

I didn't hear what he said next, but I saw him suddenly pull Jenny to him and kiss her. Jenny said, "No, Mark, please," and pushed him away.

He laughed a little, saying, "We must do this again, Jenny." And he left abruptly.

She came up the walk, fumbling in her purse for her key.

"Hello," I said.

"Max!" she exclaimed.

"He's right. You do look well with bubbles coming out of your ears."

"You poor darling," she said. "How long have you been sitting here?"

"Not long. I didn't mean to spy."

"Naturally you didn't, Max." She came toward me, kissed me lightly on the cheek. "I'm terribly sorry about what just happened."

"He'd be a sucker if he didn't try."

"You don't think that I wanted to!"

"Of course not. It's just that you both had a couple of drinks, and—"

"Oh, Max," she said in a distressed voice, "if I had imagined you would take this evening so seriously—"

"Forget it, Jenny," I said. "All I want to know is when you're going to take the car and let Prince Charming go home."

"Soon," she said. "I'm giving him an oral quiz Monday, and if he passes— Max, I know what you're thinking, but he's really quite honorable."

I patted her shoulder. "Good night, Jenny."

"Good night, Max. And please, for Pete's sake, don't be an egg!"

"You'd better go inside," I said, "before you turn into a pumpkin or something."

I DIDN'T think she would ever take the car. But she did.

On Monday she gave Mercer the oral examination. On Tuesday Fred Sawyer of the local Coronet Agency delivered a stunning convertible coupé to Aunt Sarah's door.

Mercer's cohorts had wasted not a moment of time, and it turned out to be a political jamboree. A man could have been lost in the excitement. Press photographers took pictures of Jenny at the steering wheel, shaking hands with Mercer and his campaign managers, standing up on the front seat, leaning against the fender, and poised on the runningboard.

The symbol of the dissenting vote had been destroyed.

At seven in the evening Mercer and his entourage had rolled out of town. Jenny saw them off, and Mark held her hand a little longer than formal etiquette required. I hoped that might be the end of it.

I was wrong again. Jenny's mind was still with her protégé.

"He had to leave in a hurry," she explained as we walked along Maple Boulevard after class that night.

It was like old times, a little. Just Jenny and I walking under a hard white October moon.

"He has to prepare his speech," she said.

"The one that will rock the state?"

"Well, it might not be that drastic. But it certainly will be frank. Believe me, Max, a lot of people—even in his own party—will have to answer questions when his fifteen minutes on the air is up."

"I must listen," I said.

It was early, but the events of the day had worn Jenny. We said good night on the porch steps and she went in. Usually Jenny kissed me before she went in, but this time she forgot. She was too excited and tired.

I walked back to my office to set up some copy. I walked alone under a hard white October moon, kicking viciously at ash cans.

THE speech that will rock the state. . . .

It failed to cause a tremor which the most sensitive seismograph might record.

Jenny and I listened to it together in Aunt Sarah's parlor. It sounded exactly like his other speeches, almost word for word. Solid, reliable, flag-waving stuff that most politicians, good or indifferent, use to ad-

vantage. It began: "This is my own, my native land. I have said that before, and I say it again. . . ."

I thought Jenny would be crushed, but her reaction was a healthy one of indignation. She snapped off the radio in the middle of the speech and stood there with her fists clenched, her eyes blazing, the picture of righteous wrath.

"Tricked," she said evenly.

"So what?" I observed. "You got a new car out of it. A piece of machinery more beautiful than—"

But she wasn't listening to me. She threw a coat over her shoulders and started for the door. I followed her.

"What's up, Jenny?" I asked as she slammed into her car.

"Max," she said, her eyes shining, "if you don't believe in the American dream, if liberty and truth are meaningless words to you, if the things we have fought for and will continue to fight for are vague chapters in a textbook to you—don't get in this car."

"All right. I'm no heathen," I said, getting in.

"Then hold onto your hat, my darling," she said, and off we went.

I held onto my hat as we careened around a corner and raced down Maple Boulevard.

"Be careful, Jenny!" I cried. "This car is much too elegant to—"

She didn't answer, but drove on grimly. Suddenly she twisted the wheel and as the scene kaleidoscoped around me I barely made out the name "Coronet Sales Company" on a plate-glass window.

"Don't!" I yelled.

But Jenny did . . . oh, Jenny did . . . right smack through the plate-glass window of the Coronet Agency.

I don't remember whether we went to the jail or they brought the jail to us. At any rate, that's where we wound up. While I mourned the wreck, Jenny spoke her piece to reporters, to police, to any one who would listen.

Of course it hit all the papers in the state, and the consensus of opinion was that Miss Tobit had done it again. Once more she was the symbol of the dissenting vote.

THAT was two years ago—the year Mark Mercer didn't get elected. Now my bus is eight years old, with hardly enough rubber on the wheels for a pencil eraser. Just the other day I had a chance to get hold of a few used tires. All excited, I rushed home to spill out the news.

My wife put down the ladle with which she was stirring soup.

"Tires?" she said gently. "And what's wrong, my darling, with the legs God gave us? There are too many people like you who do not realize just how serious the rubber problem is and what it means to the future of our country."

"My dear, it's perfectly legal," I argued. "I don't see what's wrong—"

But Jenny did.

THE END

"George, this is the old friend of the family I was telling you about."

THE GYP OF THE WEEK *By FRANK W. BROCK*

SNIDE charity fund promoters are finding the war to their liking. Despite the excellent work of the President's Committee on War Relief Agencies in curbing the activities of profiteering patrioteers, they infest almost every city of any size. By mail or telephone campaigns, from their boiler rooms they drain the surrounding areas of charity dollars.

Typical was George Fecke's We Will Win Committee, the American War Heroes Foundation, and the Park Avenue Canteen in New York, which actually secured the sponsorship of three Governors, an Attorney General or so, and scads of more or less prominent (but careless) citizens. Behind this front of respectability, Fecke manipulated the purse strings. But his racket was exposed and his organizations dissolved by court order—after $4,000 had gone down the sewer.

The willingness of small-time organizations to lend their names to professional promoters in return for a split of the "take" makes prosecution extremely difficult. But prevention, rather than prosecution, is the most effective remedy. Three simple requirements of the President's Committee on War Relief Agencies would prevent most of this shameful waste of badly needed dollars. The Committee bans:

1. Employment of solicitors on commission or any other commission form of raising money.

2. Use of the "remit or return" method of raising money by the sale of merchandise or tickets.

3. The giving of entertainments if the cost of such entertainments, including compensation, exceeds 30 per cent of the gross proceeds.

Another preventive was voiced by District Attorney Hogan in New York, following his investigation of the Fecke fiasco. "It would be well," he said, "if those enjoying public confidence refuse to lend their names to organizations of which they have no real knowledge."

TRICKS of TRADES

Add $10, Then Collect

ONE of the toughest problems in the practice of law is the collection of accounts. Certain debtors will not answer a letter, and upon investigation are found to be without attachable real or personal property, and not working. They're called execution-proof because a legal process will not reach them, as they have nothing on which a levy can be made.

A satisfactory method in collecting from this type of individual is to add about ten dollars to the bill in the account letter. The debtor, who would not answer the ordinary communication, will almost surely go to the office and point out the error, and after telling the lawyer how dumb he is for making such a stupid mistake, will either pay the account or make arrangements to settle same.

Lasting Ice-Bag Mix

A SLICK time-saver when an ice bag is needed: Mix and freeze in an ice-cube tray an ounce of glycerin and nine ounces of water. It will result in a mush somewhat like sherbet, which can be easily broken up with a spoon. One half of the amount is enough for one filling of the bag. When melted the mixture can be returned to tray and frozen again.

This makes a most comfortable ice bag, as it can be shaped to body contours. Best of all in these times, it can be stored in a glass jar, where it is ready to be used all over again.

Vitamin Coagulator

SURGEONS at one time had to refuse to operate on patients whose blood would not coagulate. Even simple operations could not be performed on chronic bleeders. Today such persons are fed vitamin K as a precautionary measure, and their blood coagulates normally and so stops bleeding. What insulin does for diabetes, vitamin K is doing for bleeders.

Cold-Water "Plumping"

WET-PICKED chickens, ducks, and turkeys are "plumped" for market display by dipping first in hot, then cold, water as soon as the feathers are removed. Soaking a few hours in cold water gives the wet-picked birds an even fresher appearance than dry-picked fowls

Gay Factory Interiors

PAINTING walls, floors, and machinery in bright colors is the smart trick by which safety engineers are cutting lighting bills as well as preventing accidents in war plants. The usual custom has been to paint machines black or some dark color. This absorbed light and so made it necessary to have more illumination. It also made for accidents by making it difficult to distinguish machine parts. By using bright contrasting colors, engineers have improved illumination and at the same time made the different machine parts more noticeable. A third effect of all this has been to raise workers' spirits by substituting gay colors for drabness.

Movie Auto "Accident"

WHEN a Hollywood stunt man skids and overturns a speeding car and seems to risk sudden death, he is really taking but a comparatively slight risk. Before attempting this feat he "rigs" the car by removing the seat cushions, the gearshift lever, and hand-brake lever. He puts heavy pads on the instrument board and builds several firm handholds on the floor and sides of the driver's compartment. Then, when the car overturns, he shuts off the ignition, to prevent the danger of fire, ducks down, grabs the handholds, and lets the car do its worst.

Cartridge Test

ONE operation in making small-arms ammunition may raise a tiny burr on a vital part of the cartridge. Only a five hundredth of an inch high, this burr nonetheless spoils the cartridge.

The burr can hardly be seen under a high-powered magnifying glass. But that doesn't stump the girl inspectors who watch this operation.

They balance the cartridge on a long fingernail. If all right, the cartridge slips off the nail. Otherwise, the tiny burr holds it—and they know they've got a bad one.

(Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.)

HOW WE OUT-FOXED ROMMEL

Continued from Page 25

explosive tubes about twelve inches long which, when thrown against a tank, adhere to its side until they explode. Flaming bottles of gasoline and grenades were tossed by the Kiwis in the same manner. They even climbed atop tank turrets and tossed grenades through the peepholes.

After several days of unrelenting battle one New Zealand unit was cut off. The commander sent a message to Freyburg: "We are surrounded. Casualties heavy. What next?" Freyburg answered: "Get out your cooks and batmen, then fight on."

It was all very gallant, but it couldn't last. Backed by British gunners, by American and British bombers and fighters, the plucky New Zealanders fought day and night without a let-up. Irresistibly, however, they were forced back toward El Alamein, a little Egyptian coastal city only sixty miles from Alexandria.

THE Hun came on, trying to deliver a knockout blow—and then it happened! The whole ponderous Axis war machine creaked to a halt before an unyielding system of surprise defenses.

On July 4 I rode in to Alexandria. I found gray-haired General Charles L. Scott, United States War Department observer, in the Hotel Cecil. He had covered the battle for weeks, hitchhiker style. I asked him what was up.

"Rommel's been stopped dead," he told me. "I don't know for how long. If we only had a few hundred more airplanes and tanks we could send him back where he came from. I've already been in touch with the War Department on that score."

Then he told me what had happened. The stand of the Kiwis at Matruh had given Auchinleck time to weld the El Alamein line into a barrier of steel. In the center of it was the remains of a South African division under General Pinaar. These men had survived the Tobruk rout and they were itching for revenge.

But it was another gang of Tobruk graduates—Australian "desert rats," under General Morshead—who put Jerry on the defensive a week later.

Starting the attack at five o'clock in the morning, so the sun would be shining in the enemy's eyes, these diggers charged out of El Alamein westward along the coast. Within ninety minutes they had driven five miles to Tel-el-Eisa. In thirty-six hours they had taken the town and

1,400 prisoners. Six days later the total of prisoners swelled to 6,000.

I got out to that sand-ridden town in time to catch part of the battle. Over forty German Mark III and Mark IV tanks had been knocked out by Australian artillery and antitank guns. The men were jubilant. I talked with an Australian sergeant who, the night before, had captured nine Fritzes himself. "I had them with me in the slit trench," he said, "when the Germans began to shell their own evacuated position. The Jerries were on their knees with their hands up, and whenever one of their shells came over, they flopped like praying Arabs."

By now it was generally known that reinforcements and supplies for an all-out Allied offensive were on the way. But Intelligence reports indicated that Rommel was stocking up, too. Tanks, troops, and supplies were pouring in from Italy through Mersa Matruh, Tobruk, Bengasi, and Tripoli. The desert fox was licking his battle wounds, repairing battered tanks, and painting black Nazi crosses on those the British had left behind in their retreat. To stem this tide, an entire group of American Consolidated B-24 four-engined heavy bombers was ordered from the Far East, under command of General Brereton, to tackle Rommel's convoys. They went to work, along with a new batch of British Liberators, in low-level attacks.

Then, early in August, Prime Minister Churchill arrived in Cairo. He inspected the battle front, skyrocketing morale with the promise of "great days ahead." He installed General Alexander as commander in chief for the Middle East, and Montgomery as commander of the Eighth Army, replacing Auchinleck. Things began to pop.

MONTGOMERY was a tough Irishman. He put all troops under a rigid training program. He ordered: "Push your troops to the point of exhaustion, then stretch them, stretch them some more, and exhaust them again. Our troops must be tougher than the Germans."

Spitfire squadrons were now arriving from England with veteran pilots. Two new divisions of infantry and brand-new tanks, big guns, antitank guns, and Kittyhawk planes arrived. One day in August 3,000 American ground-crewers popped in. They were the nucleus of still more American squadrons to come.

Rommel was desperate. He had planes on reconnaissance out as far as Aden in the Red Sea to spot our convoys. The Luftwaffe tried desperately to finish off Malta to secure the safety of his convoys. Then—probably on urgent orders from Hitler—Rommel struck. It was August 31. Montgomery, with a brand-new division in line—the 44th "home counties troops," men in their twenties from the four counties around London—and the 51st Highlanders in reserve, was ready.

Knowing the fox would have to strike along the twenty-five-mile-wide plateau between the sea and the deep Qattara Depression, Montgomery prepared accordingly. I saw him place our Grants with their snub noses half buried in deep sand pits and camel scrub. Thus they would afford small targets, while the German tanks would be moving out on that bare plateau.

Montgomery allowed Rommel to come through our mine field in the South Alamein line, and held his punch while a spearhead of 200 panzers deployed along the heights.

I stood on a hill watching when the Hun walked smack into the trap. I saw him catch hell as he tried to reach Ruweisat Ridge, manned by New Zealanders. Americans, in Grant tanks, shared the glory. Choking on cordite fumes and smoke, the Yanks shot it out with the 15th and 21st panzer divisions. Only a few from a troop of six American tanks were still in action after they had

Service men must look top grade—
They need a tough, fast-shaving blade
A guy's sure lucky when he gets
These thrifty, keen-edged Thin Gillettes!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
12 for 27c
Produced By The Maker
Of The Famous Gillette
Blue Blade
Easy Way To Get Even More
Shaves With Every Gillette Blade
1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges
2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently
3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves
4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

repulsed eight German tanks. But the Yanks had completely knocked out four panzers, whereas their tanks were only damaged.

We'd tricked Jerry into doing what he'd taught us not to: throw tanks against massed gunfire.

Whenever panzers got through the phalanx of hull-down Grants, Crusaders, and Valentines, they were met by a murderous fire from twenty-five-pounders and six-pounder antitank guns, handled by the English youngsters of the 44th Division, who had never seen a German tank in action but were there to slug it out.

In a few days, hammered by our aviation, artillery, antitank guns, Grants and Lees, Rommel pulled out.

MEANWHILE, the Mideast had become a tremendous Allied arsenal. We were ready for the offensive that drove Rommel out of Egypt.

It started with the most terrifying artillery bombardment I've ever heard. It continued into the night as infantry cleared the way for tanks. The infantry battle swayed back and forth for eight days. The Australians hammered away at a bulge they made in the north. New Zealanders and British plunged through the bulge and widened a gap. Through that hole Montgomery rammed three armored divisions — American-built Shermans were the spearhead. The pursuit was on.

The trick that had turned the tide was the trap at El Alamein. Rommel couldn't have held out. He had lost too many tanks, and reputedly had only ten days' gasoline supply for a last frantic stab toward Alexandria. He'd been expecting a large shipment of gasoline by tankers from Italy, but our submarines had got it.

When the battle was over, the desert fox was in such shape he couldn't have gone on the offensive again for another five months. Then, on November 8, his position received another shattering blow when the great United States offensive burst on his rear without warning. In seventy-six hours an estimated 140,000 American troops took French Morocco and Algeria. In seventy-six more they moved into Tunisia. A few days later, at Bizerte, American and German land troops clashed in this war for the first time.

Rommel was caught squarely in a nutcracker, with "Ike" Eisenhower squeezing one end and Montgomery the other. Soon the whole of the European war, with the aid of our Russian allies, passed into the stage best described by Churchill's words: "the end of the beginning."

THE END

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Now that our 1942 war production figures are of record, two questions become proper: How was it done? How streamline our effort for a far greater goal during 1943?

How it was done is obvious. Our industrial army simply applied methods proved in the past, invented new techniques to meet each new problem, and, by keeping everlastingly at it, turned out an incredible amount of ship tonnage, planes, and ordnance.

How produce a 1943 maximum limited only by the raw-material and labor supply? There are two answers to that question, as we view the record. Both refer to management.

First step is to eliminate scholarly theorists and put in men of practical experience to head up the productive effort. The caliber of theorists must always be proved, which takes time. We can afford to train beginners at the bottom, not at the top. Scores of the executives who directed the actual building of 1942's ships, planes, and ordnance are available. Men like Henry J. Kaiser, for example, progressed far beyond the apprenticeship stage during 1942.

Second step, as we view it, is for the administration to delegate complete authority to these experienced department heads. (Not done thus far in *any* branch of the all-out effort.) We became the world's greatest industrial nation solely because able executives said to trusted assistants, "This is your job. You alone are responsible. Now get it done." One-hundred-per-cent efficiency can never be achieved when subordinates must always say, "If the boss approves."

How Times Change Department: Not long ago a lady couldn't step down from a six-inch curb without assistance. When she dropped a handkerchief she lacked strength to pick it up, and swooned at sight of a mouse. It was only by hearsay that she had legs.

Today a woman in the Russian medical corps carries 100 wounded men from the battlefield in succession; no British uniformed woman to date has quit her post under fire; a nation-wide contest is under way in American shipyards to determine the champion woman welder; and the odds are about even that the good wife seeking that poker money will find herself rifling the pockets of her own trousers.

Curiously, the thing most destructive to human life—war—also produces new ways to save countless lives. Out of World War I came plastic surgery and a tremendous advance in bone- and skin-grafting techniques. Today's battlefields have produced the use of blood plasma and the reduction of deaths from wound infections to less than 5 per cent.

A realistic detail to those who indulge in wishful thinking about the war being over in 1943: Five months after the marines made their first landing at Guadalcanal they had succeeded in enlarging their foothold to ninety square miles. Guadalcanal is one of 800-odd islands held by the Japs, and is some 2,000 miles from Tokyo.

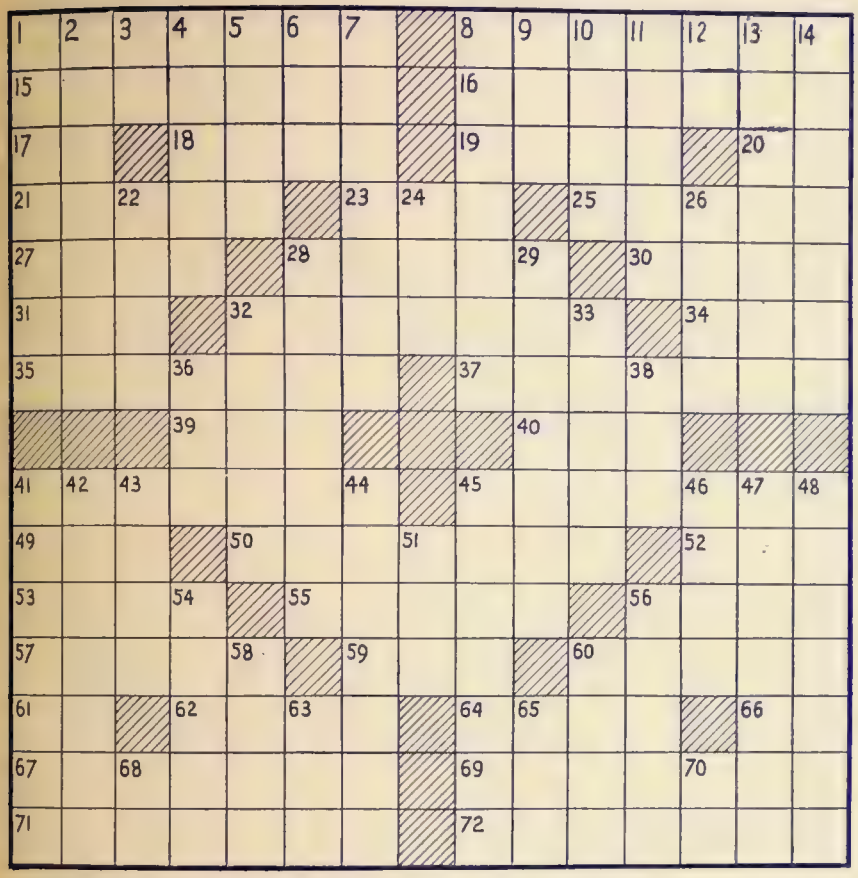
When critics grow too alarmed over a hundred-billion-dollar budget, President Roosevelt still has the perfect retort in reserve. In 1889, when this nation's first billion-dollar budget was presented to a staggered Congress, Speaker Thomas B. "Czar" Reed, defending it, said, "Gentlemen, this is a billion-dollar country."

Spiritual fires burn brighter through the gloom of history's most destructive war. Hard-bitten infantrymen face the end with prayers on their lips. Bans on church services are removed in Russia. Publishers report the greatest sale of Bibles of all time.

There's a reason for it. No war of the past has proved more conclusively that some pattern other than a man-made one lies behind human affairs. After Dunkirk, for example, no human power could have kept Hitler from occupying helpless Britain. Hitler knew it; yet, inexplicably, he waited those ten precious weeks.

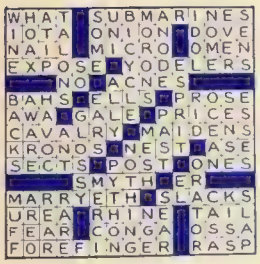
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 The New Deal's No. 1 milkman
8 Stockholder in an Axis victory
15 Put your pipe in this and smoke it
16 When Beethoven saw this he stepped on it
17 Lives and breeds
18 Hawaiian gingham
19 The grandest guy in Tibet
20 Hit's halwys tiken wiv a couple of Haigs
21 A Ma Nature gas attack
23 Sergeants Overwork Industry (abbr.)
25 Big tic
27 What Johnny Doughboy wants his girl to be
28 Tin hat, civilian style
30 An oodle
31 Gincandescent
32 My goodness! (pl.)
34 Uh guy wot kin handle his dooks around Brooklyn
35 Time for the Hat Parade (pl.)
37 Sneeze flies
39 Canvas well smeared
40 What Charles Lamb cried for as a baby
41 Where the Eisenhower of Fate will soon strike the Axis
45 Trades her Liberty for a Woman's Home Companion
49 I
50 Pushovers in alleys
52 Operatic Roar Oliminator (abbr.)
53 Goebbels' Papaganda; German mental food
55 Flue flour (pl.)
56 Degoat the sheep
57 "Kindly transfer the body from the immediate vicinity, louse!"
59 Made contact
60 What the Little Pig was a little jus' befo' pay day
61 Preppo
62 This player gets all wrapped up in his work and is paid for burping loudly
64 A fency item in Frence
66 Third drink you can get with do
67 It's quite a figure, but it'll never be a cardinal
69 The woman you sinners pay and pay and pay (myth.)
71 What this puzzle is the height of
72 Muscle weed



February 13 answer

VERTICAL

1 It's caused by a canary lodged in the throat, crying to escape
2 No. 1 Nazi victim
3 Calm ending
4 A few European mugs equal one what?
5 Father of the Hebrews and Hitler
6 A brass buttons-blue coat, couldn't catch a nanny goat
7 Unless I'm mistaken, these rubbers of mine should last forever
8 It gets fried to the gills every Friday, is always flat, and goes everywhere with Finns
9 Zola minus his zizzer
10 Giveaways
11 Snags the vital vittles in the vield
12 The head and tail of a dog
13 The act of rubbering around
14 Whose running expenses were largest for last November?
22 The results of too many strikes
24 A wart's young
26 They say students here attend glasses (pl.)
28 First thing Johnny does to a clean shirt
29 Whose paradise is Hollywood? (two words)
32 Hitler has retreated many a one
33 Mate of the Roe Buck
36 Tailless tail
38 Product extracted in whaling
41 Big Russian bookmaker
42 The horse with a radiator cap
43 Kind of do-well
44 This is irregular, queer, abnormal, untypical, and strange
45 Handy portable heating devices
46 M
47 Kind of wacky and undependable
48 Brains pickled in alcohol are what?
51 American shudder manufacturer
54 Muslin for the Four Hundred
56 A dazzling coat; a shiny rayment
58 Hollywood Commando who recently struck at Dawn
60 Halfish
63 The Nazi mother's baby pacifier
65 The gas we go on
68 Rat exterminator (abbr.)
70 Home of Americans we mustn't Pan and what Boyer has that Shane hasn't (abbr.)

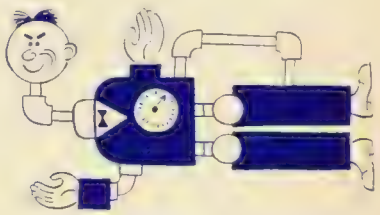
The answer to this puzzle will appear in the March 13 issue.

? GUESS WHO SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

DOUBTLESS the friends of those quoted below said, "You said it!" when they heard their remarks, but it is your job to find out *who* said it. Follow the clues and see to which celebrity they lead. Your score? Three out of five is good; four, excellent; five, a wow. Answers are on page 74.

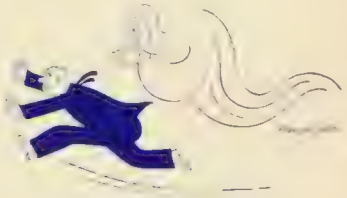
1. A jolly, contemporary American writer calls a human being *"an in-*



genious assembly of portable plumbing." His first name the same as one of the saints; he wrote a novel about a certain kitty.

2. If you listen to serious music over the air, this man is probably your favorite announcer. He's also critic and composer. He gives sound advice: *"Listen to the music, and never by any chance pay any attention to what any one writes in explanation of it."*

3. The truth below is particularly pointed in time of war. It was said by the man Ben Jonson called a Swan; he was actor, poet, playwright, and friend of a redheaded queen: *"Action is eloquence."*



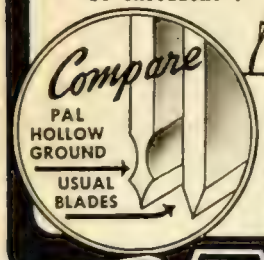
4. *"It is true of all human beings that they dread that which they do not know."* Well known American woman novelist, a liberal, expert on China.

5. You know many of his poems, have sung his "endearing young" songs. He was handsome and Irish: *"Ask a woman's advice, and what-e'er she advise, do the very reverse and you're sure to be wise."*

HERE'S WHAT A
STEEL MAN
SAYS ABOUT RAZOR BLADES,
and a steel man should know

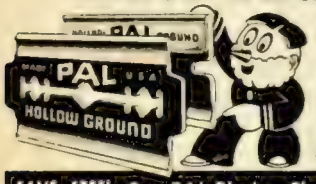
"I have analyzed the steel you use for Pal Blades. Little wonder, with the added advantage of hollow-grinding, your product is so excellent".

Bridgeport



PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND for *flexibility* in the razor. No "bearing down"—shave with just a "Feather Touch."

PAL
"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES



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10 for 25¢
Double or Single edge
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If You Suffer Distress From
Monthly **FEMALE WEAKNESS**
And Want To Build Up Red Blood

If at such times *you* suffer pain, tired, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances — start *at once* — try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron)—so helpful to relieve such distress because of their soothing effect on *one of woman's most important organs.*

Taken regularly — Pinkham's help build up resistance against such [illegible]. Also, their iron helps build up red blood. Follow label directions. For free trial bottle tear this out and mail with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., [illegible] St., Lynn, Mass.

THIS IS MEAT RATIONING

PEACETIME In peacetime we had enough meat for everyone able to buy it.

WARTIME In wartime, people work harder, make more money, get hungrier. They want more meat but the government wants meat too—for the armed forces and lend lease.

RATIONING Rationing enables us each to get a fair share (40 oz. a week), provides almost 3 times as much per person for our armed forces (112 oz. a week), and enables us to help our allies maintain their diets (8-30 oz. a week),

SO, HOUSEWIVES, MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR RATIONED MEAT:

BE THRIFTY WITH LEFTOVERS

Trimmings and leftovers make stew, hash, croquettes, etc.

BUY UNRATIONED MEAT

Liver, heart, kidneys, sweetbreads, tongue, brains, etc. are not rationed.

KNOW YOUR MEAT CUTS

Your butcher can give you good advice.

USE MORE FISH, POULTRY, ETC.

Fish, poultry, cheese and beans have much of the nutritive value of meat.

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

WHAT YOU'LL EAT IN '43

Continued from Page 13

money these days—"war money." Trouble is that fancy packaging costs materials, and materials are scarce. So government is going to demand simplification and standardization of food products. Simpler packages. Bigger packages wherever possible, so as to reduce that part of price which is represented by the package. There is even talk of bringing back the old-fashioned cracker barrel, although it may not come to pass. Talk also of all butter out of a tub. Anyway, packaging *will* become simpler. Steel, and the tin used to cover it, is needed for war, and so already the supply of canned goods has been cut. Some brands will disappear, and others will go into semi-seclusion until after the war.

DIETITIANS have been hammering at us for nigh onto two generations, since the home economics schools started turning them out, about how we ought to eat enough of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats and oils, and not too much of any one. They preached variety, but not too much variety. They said we had gone haywire on variety. Some of us listened and practiced, but many of us didn't. Now, for the first time, we have really *got* to do it. Better balanced diet will be forced in every home, partly by educational propaganda but mainly by the food frugality which is imposed by ration coupons. Necessity will do what education never fully did.

Because of the importance of a continued food supply, farmers and farm workers during the next year will acquire a position of high caste. Government policy is shifting toward recognition that for the sake of the war we need to keep more farmers at work on the farms and not permit them to enlist in the armed services or scramble for war jobs. Before the year is half gone there will be a new scramble to get people to go out to farms and help, to get youths and girls to work as hired hands during school vacations, and even perhaps to release for farm work a few men from army camps here and there.

The home garden has always been a nice thing to have *if* you could afford the space and work and time. Now the *if* is about to go out of it. Many families, millions of them, will get out the spade next spring and go to work, for by then they will see for themselves how difficult it is to obtain fresh vegetables and fruits in the stores. Besides, it will be considered patriotic for each family to do what it can to take a little of the load off the public vegetable market. Men will boast of their gardens instead of their golf. Garden tools may be scarce, but neighbors will share them. Fertilizer and some seeds will not be plentiful, but gardeners will have to get along.

Many people are asking questions about food. Some of the standard questions, together with brief answers obtained in Washington from official sources, are these:

Will there be food for babies? Yes, plenty of it, for babies are something special in the eyes of the officials who are running the food supply. Plans will be made to get milk to babies as supplies run short. Adults will have less milk, however.

Will oleomargarine come into greater use? Yes.

Why aren't soybeans available when the government talks so much about them? They *are* on the market now in some stores, but they will be more plentiful later in the year, because plantings of soybeans will be greatly increased this spring. Diet experts say the soybean is the equivalent of meat, and very cheap. Soybean meal will be used to mix with meat in sausages, to "extend" them, to make meat "go further."

How long will food rationing last? Probably for a year after the end of the war, because there will be a postwar job of feeding starved populations, and public sentiment here will accept continued privations for the sake of relieving some of the famine in Europe and elsewhere.

Will fresh vegetables be scarce this summer? Yes, because of difficulties among truck gardeners, shortage of help, shortage of tires for hauling. Fruits and vegetables which come from afar may be hard to get.

WILL ice cream be stopped? No, but it will be scarcer.

Will cheese be scarce? Yes, because it is a good food to ship abroad, especially to England.

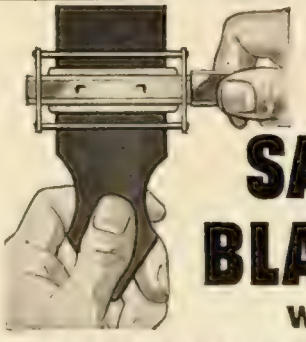
Why can't we buy many dehydrated foods? Because the dehydrated foods are being shipped abroad. They save shipping space. Dehydrating plants have expanded tremendously, but not until after the war will dehydrated foods play a big part in normal grocery buying.

Will everybody be treated alike under rationing? Yes, as much as any general system can accomplish it. Doubtless the thing won't work 100 per cent. Doubtless there will be some food bootlegging from farms, and country folk will receive much attention from their city relatives. But we shan't lose our health or our lives, and there are others who have and will.

THE END

NOBODY LOVES YOU WHEN YOU COUGH
(DUE TO A COLD)
TRADE
MARK
SMITH BROS.
COUGH DROPS
Carry a box of Smith Bros. Cough Drops with you! Nothing better—nothing better-known for relieving coughs due to colds, and for clearing up little throat irritations, dryness, hoarseness, etc. Yes, a nickel checks that tickle. Two kinds—both delicious.
BLACK OR MENTHOL 5¢

THE GREATEST WEAPON WE CAN PUT IN THE HANDS OF OUR MEN IS THE FEELING THAT AMERICA CARES DEEPLY FOR THEIR WELFARE.
GIVE TO THE U. S. O.



SAVE BLADES WITH
DURHAM RAZOR AND STROP

A Durham hollow-ground blade is *twice thicker*. Takes almost unlimited stroppings. Saves steel for war, saves money for you. Gives you grand shaves every time.

Durham Razor and Strop Kit, $2.50, at drug-stores. *For Strop only, order direct, $1.*

SERVICE MEN: Order thru Post Exchange.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

RED—ITCHY SKIN?
watch out—it's often
ECZEMA

Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing medicated *liquid* Zemo—a doctor's formula—quickly relieve the intense itching soreness of eczema, psoriasis and similar annoying skin irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Amazingly successful for over 30 years! Apply anytime—doesn't show on skin. First trial of clean, stainless *liquid* Zemo convinces! Only 35¢. Stubborn cases may need the $1.25 Extra-Strength. All drugstores.

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Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

EYES TIRED?

TWO DROPS

QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

★ Invest In America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

RANDOM notes from a westward lecture trip. . . . George Pope MacNichol, Jr., vice-president of Libby-Owens-Ford Co., explains solar heating to me amid the heaviest snowfall Toledo, Ohio, has had in seven years. George keeps his fingers crossed, but admits experiments point to great changes in home heating after the war. It's quite likely you'll have a glass gadget on your roof to store up sun heat to help save fuel. . . . Girls without previous training pick up factory methods quicker and better than men untrained for precision work, and the girls *stay on the job,* I am told in Cleveland by engineers Lester Sprague and Carl Draeger of the Warner & Swasey plants, where women are newly employed. . . . Housewives everywhere say an electric dishwasher is their dearest possession now that they're so busy on outside duties, with domestic help impossible to get. . . . Nice to be married among roses bearing your own name, as happened to a Richmond, Indiana, bride while I was there. Her father is Joseph H. Hill, flower magnate who sells ten million roses a year. Wedding was decorated exclusively with yellow *Joanna Hill* roses, named for the bride. . . . Off goes my hat to station redcaps and colored porters on the trains so overcrowded now with service men and with jittery civilians unnerved by the inevitable mix-ups of wartime travel. Though usually exhausted, the railroad attendants are unfailingly cheerful, soothing, and kind. . . . I see many young mothers, of almost schoolgirl age, traveling to or from the army camps with small babies—and the babies seldom cry. Best behaved crop of infants I've ever beheld. . . . Reaching Texas, I'm taught to eat pink grapefruit with a pinch of salt to bring out the sweetness. . . . More tattle from Texas next week.

A LAUGH derived from tragic circumstances has a kind of hilarity all its own. In Spanish it's called *vacilada.* We might call it smiling at death. Here's an example of it. This one comes to me in a hospital letter from Colonel Hans Christian Adamson, worst injured survivor of the Rickenbacker ordeal. Hans and Helen, his wife, are old friends of mine. "In San Francisco," writes Hans, "just before I took off with Rick, I had an infected foot. Doctor told me to put it in warm salt water as often as possible. Our plane went down, as you know, and I dunked my foot in the warm salt Pacific Ocean for twenty-three days. The infection was completely cured by the time we were rescued. Soon as we got back to San Francisco I thanked the doctor for his advice."

HANDY knitters can knit themselves right into style now, with such fashion authorities as Mainbocher—the Duchess of Windsor's favorite designer. Mainbocher has launched the evening sweater or knitted jacket for dressiest wear, anticipating chilly rooms. He uses wool in jewel colors, garnet red, turquoise, chrysoprase green. Trims sweaters with sequin embroidery to match a slim dark woolen skirt. These outfits look and feel luxurious; aren't difficult to make at home.

MAKE one pound of chopped hamburger stand up to hearty appetites by fixing it as *Baked Chili Beef.* Good dish for cold weather. . . . Season meat with ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika. Add I beaten egg. Spread meat in flat baking dish, well greased, and bake 10 minutes in quick oven. Fry 3 tablespoons chopped onion and 1 chopped green pepper in hot fat for 3 minutes, then add 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon chili powder, salt, 2 cups canned chili beans. Pour this around meat and cook 20 minutes in *slow* oven. On side serve a green salad with tart dressing topped by flaked American cheese.

WAR-BUSY parents of children aged six to fourteen will cheer Cappy Dick's collection, in book form, of his Fun for Boys and Girls. 300 tricks, games, riddles, etc. the kids can do *by themselves.* Greenberg, Publisher; $2.50.)

DAFFY LEADS THE SIMPLE LIFE

BY REITA LAMBERT

I'd just gone to sleep when Lucky barked and the doorbell rang.

Huntsdale-on-Hudson.
Lt. Perry Cooper, U. S. N.
Care Postmaster, New York.

DARLING Perry:

Your wire just came and the reason you couldn't get me on the phone was because it was turned off. But now it's on again and my burns are healing beautifully and when the workmen finish with the living room you'll never even know there *was* a fire. But it really was a wonderful idea.

I happened to think of it the other day when Glad and Helen were grumbling about rationing and having to do without so many things. So I said that when you stopped to think about it, we could do without lots more things and still be better off than our ancestors, who'd never had any of the luxuries we have—I mean telephone and radios and electric lights and things like that. But Helen said life was simpler then but nowadays those things were necessities. I said we could easily do without them and that I would prove it. You see, I thought if I could show the world it could be done, maybe everybody else would do it too and we could save all those luxuries for the armed forces.

So I ordered the telephone disconnected and the electricity turned off and hunted up those darling glass lamps Aunt Ethel gave us, only of course not having any kerosene yet, we only had candles when the lights went off. Well, I tried to explain about leading the simple life to Gertrude and how Shakespeare wrote all his great works by candlelight. But she said maybe that was why she'd never been able to read them.

Well, after all, the early pioneer women didn't have cooks and why should I be frightened to stay alone with a good watchdog like Lucky in the house, only that night I let him sleep in my room to keep him company. And the next morning I walked to the village because naturally our ancestors didn't have cars and it would have been lovely except for the oilcan being so heavy.

It was a good thing I didn't have to answer the telephone every minute because I certainly didn't have any time to waste on idle gossip with a broom taking so much longer than a vacuum and all. But I didn't mind and anyway I wasn't hungry for dinner and the house was so cold with the furnace going out like that, so I just gave Lucky a dog biscuit and went to bed early.

Well, I'd just gone to sleep when Lucky barked and the doorbell rang and I went downstairs and it was dad. He was frantic because he hadn't been able to get me on the phone and kept bumping into things and swearing all the time I was hunting for a candle, and that's how he happened to knock over the lamp. Then, when I looked to see if it was broken, Lucky knocked the candle out of my hand and the oil caught fire.

So dad had to wake the people next door to phone the fire department and it was quite a while before they came and put the fire out. But anyway I did prove we could live the simple life like our ancestors, only it would be pretty expensive. So good-by now, darling, and don't worry any more about your

DAFFY.

CHINA PRIMER

Continued from Page 27

sulted if you touch her, or will take you more seriously than you probably want to be taken. A mistake in this may cause a lot of trouble.

The Chinese Home

PERHAPS you will get to know some Chinese so well as a friend that he will invite you to his home. If this happens, you may take it as a great compliment, for Chinese, particularly of the better educated classes, do not easily invite strangers. Only intimate friends go to each other's homes.

If your friend is well-to-do, his house will probably be surrounded by a high wall with a single gate. You will be led through a court to a big room, the main room of the house. The general arrangement of the furniture in such a room is always the same. A long carved table is set against the wall facing the door. Upon it are ornaments, a pair of candlesticks, and an urn for incense. Between the candles hangs a fine scroll or a painting or a family treasure of some sort. In front of the long table is a square table, and on either side of this an armchair. The one on the right as you enter is the seat of honor. Do not sit in this until you are pressed to do so, as you will be, since you are the guest. The next most important person takes the seat across the table, and the chairs on either side of small tables along the walls grow less important as they approach the door.

Next, your host will pour you a bowl of tea. He hands it to you with both hands and you must take it with both hands, saying "*Hsieh-hsieh*" or "thank you." Then you may set it down. Sweetmeats, if offered, should be eaten sparingly, and always have a little left, to show you have had more than you can eat.

Thereafter follow your host's lead. If he is modern and informal, you may be informal. If he is old-fashioned and rather stiff, then the quieter you are, the better. You can admire generally, but don't admire one object especially, for then courtesy requires your host to give it to you. Above all, in a house like this you should not seem to see any woman. To do so would be to insult her. If there is a modern sister who is brought in and introduced, be very formal indeed—at least until you are a very old friend.

You may even be invited to a feast, probably in a restaurant or a hotel. If you have chopsticks, ask

your host how to hold them. He will enjoy teaching you.

If the feast is a big one the rice will not come on until the end with four substantial dishes of meat and vegetables to go with it—or even six. The dessert will be served in the middle of the meal. The soup may come toward the end. Afterward there will be tidbits of fruit and nuts to eat with the tea you will drink.

Food and Drinks

IF you want a good meal in a Chinese restaurant, take your buddies with you. It is best to go not fewer than four in number, the rule being to order the number of different dishes that there are persons, plus a soup. Rice, of course, comes with the meal. You will drink only wines and tea—milk is not a product natural to China and is found, only occasionally, in imported cans. Do not drink it fresh anywhere except in homes you know. *And drink no cold water unless it has been boiled first.*

Wine drinking is much enjoyed in China and people drink a good deal, but nearly always with their meals. There is seldom any drunkenness, because it is a sign of low breeding to be drunk. Wine is frequently served hot in tiny bowls. If it is Shaohsing wine you can safely drink a good many small bowls of it. But if it is Kaoliang wine, or any of the Canton wines, then be careful—they are heavy drinks.

There are many games that the Chinese play while they drink, guessing games and betting games, and the loser has to drink. When your host says *"Kan-pei!"* it means "Bottoms up!"

Wherever you go in the cities you'll find street-side markets. If it is summer, there will be plenty of flies, too, and those flies you must treat very seriously indeed. Either the Chinese have developed an immunity to many of the diseases that kill the white man so easily, or the weak die and the strong survive. You should therefore follow one simple rule—eat nothing that is not so hot that you know it is only recently off the fire. (It is always perfectly good manners not to eat at a Chinese feast.) Do not yield to the temptation of a fruit that cannot be peeled or cut before your eyes. It is better not even to use a utensil—knife, chopsticks, etc.—that has not been scalded with boiling water. Avoid sweets and cakes. Wash your hands with soap and water before you eat. And take care not to expose yourself to mosquito bites.

"—Yes, Margy, it's my ambition to have one on every ship!"

Shopping

YOU may want to buy something to take home to the girl friend. It is customary for the shopkeeper to ask considerably more than an article is worth. If you pay what is asked he will not respect you for it. If you argue him down too much, he would prefer not to sell to you at all. If you pay about half to two thirds what he asks, he will admire you and enjoy the transaction. But above all keep good-humored throughout.

If you have learned the Chinese coinage you will not need language—you can simply put down your money bit by bit. Do not put down at first what you are willing to pay, but less, so that you can have something to compromise with and come up a little. The shopkeeper will then come down a little to meet you until you arrive at an agreement. Thus you part good friends. Prices, due to the current inflation, are likely to astonish you, particularly the prices of goods imported from abroad. In five years China's cost-of-living index has soared from 100 to 3,400 and it is still soaring.

At the time this book was written, domestic brands of cigarettes had risen from eight cents a pack of ten to $20. American cigarettes had gone from forty cents a pack to $200. Throughout China you may find chicken selling at $20 a pound, coffee at $150 a pound, bread at $5 a loaf, gasoline at $70 a gallon. These prices refer to Chinese dollars. The normal exchange rate is 20 Chinese dollars for 1 American dollar, but purchasing power is something else again. At the end of 1942 the purchasing power of the Chinese dollar was about equal to three quarters of an American cent.

"Squeeze"

YOU have probably heard a good deal about the "squeeze" system in China. It is there, as it is in every country in the world, but the Chinese, being intensely practical people, have recognized this human tendency to take a "squeeze," or a commission, and consider it legitimate. That is, you must expect anybody who does buying for you, however large or small, to add 5 or 10 per cent to the price for him-

self. If he takes no more than 10 per cent, he is within the Chinese law, at least the law of century-old custom. Once one accepts this custom, a good deal of fret may be avoided.

Speaking of servants, you will find that you are very frequently dependent on them in China. They are business managers and general smoothers of your way. A good "boy" not only will see that you are fed and comfortable, your clothes clean and in order, your shoes shined and your rooms neat, but he will get many things done for you which you cannot do for yourself. More than that, he has his own way of getting information you may want. He will disseminate any information about you which you would like other persons to know without your telling them. Probably, in order to gain importance for himself, he will also spread abroad the impression that your eldest uncle is the President of the United States and your father a millionaire. All this will make life easier for you on the streets and your credit better at the shops.

Amusements

FOR the most part the Chinese do not have highly organized amusement places. They love movies, any kind of movies, as you will discover when you wedge your way into a crowded building. But do not expect comfort when you do so. The likelihood is that you will sit on an uncomfortable bench or folding chair and that the house will be hot in summer and cold in winter. The picture may be something you saw fifteen years ago!

Theaters are more numerous than movie houses. Few Americans really understand the Chinese theater, but those who do find its acting a sensitive and mature art. Go at least once, if only to marvel at the audience. People eat hot food that is brought in by waiters, crack watermelon seeds between their teeth, drink pots and pots of tea, talk, play with their children, and catch the hot towels that are thrown over the heads of the crowd by expert towel throwers. Better not use these towels yourself, however.

There are teahouses everywhere, and this is the equivalent of the English public house, only tea is drunk instead of beer and ale.

Actually the Chinese shows which you may enjoy best are the little traveling theaters in the country. And there are peep shows and jugglers and contortionists, usually found in the public squares on market day.

If there is a canal running through or near the town there will probably be pleasure boats to hire, "flower boats" they are called, and for a few cents you can be poled through shallow water studded, if it is summertime, with great rosy lotus blooms.

Your stay in China will be made more interesting if you develop a hobby through which you can really learn and enjoy some aspect of Chinese life. Chinese friends will enjoy introducing you to these hobbies. For instance, if you like games requiring agility, you will find hours of fun in trying to master the whirling of a singing diabolo, throwing it high in the air and catching it on a string; in kicking a shuttlecock with either side of either foot; or in learning the intricacies of Chinese boxing and swordplay.

Chinese chess and Chinese checkers are every bit as interesting as their American equivalents. And the simple game of "Fingers," played during dinners and feasts, calls for quick mathematical intuition. Collecting stamps or old Chinese coins might well prove a source of profit.

Everything in China is owned by somebody and so there is no place where you can pick fruit or fish or hunt unless you go into the mountains. There you will be free, for there are few gaming laws. But elsewhere, don't take anything. The Chinese guard property carefully.

The Chinese Soldier

BEFORE very long you will be fighting beside the Chinese *"chiupa,"* their equivalent of the term doughboy. He is usually a farmer's or shopkeeper's son from some small town or village and he was drafted for military service. He travels light, can march incredible distances with full pack, and sleeps on the ground in the faded uniform he wears. He may look a bit ragged, but as General Cheng Ting Che, one of the Chinese commanders in Burma, said: "You find the best-dressed soldiers behind the lines." Already a fine soldier, all the *chiupa* needs is better weapons and more of them and adequate training to be a match for the Japs.

Base pay for the Chinese soldier is about six Chinese dollars a month (approximately thirty cents in our money). His daily rations, in camp, consist of two meals of rice or noodles and vegetables. On the march his iron ration is fried rice carried in a cylindrical canvas bag slung over one shoulder; otherwise he eats off the countryside.

Because he speaks softly and smiles easily, don't think the *chiupa* isn't tough. For five years he and

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HERE ARE THE MILLERS—
Blaine and Dupont—whose story, Convoy Weather, you will enjoy on another page in this issue. Commander Miller has been flying for the navy seventeen years, his various duties taking him from Newfoundland to Panama, to Alaska, to Honolulu, and way points. His wife, Dupont, was a script writer before her marriage.

WE CELEBRATE
Washington's Birthday by giving you a condensation of Howard Fast's splendid novel of the American Revolution, The Unvanquished, and a reproduction in full color of Gilbert Stuart's famous portrait of its immortal hero. February is also the birthday month of two other great Americans, Lincoln and Edison. Thinking of them this year, we couldn't help but wish that Father Abraham had lived to see the rise to glorious recognition of a Negro, George Washington Carver, and that the old "Wizard of Menlo Park" had been granted enough days to see a last dream come true—the first rubber crop harvested in his beloved State of New Jersey from Russian kolsaghyz seeds, in January, 1943. For several years before his death Edison had experimented with innumerable rubber-producing plants.

THE CHART ON MEAT
rationing (page 68), taken together with the one we gave you on point rationing (January 30 Liberty, page 19), ought to prove of most clarifying value to you in these days of eating for victory.

THE EDITORS

his comrades have kept a large part of the Japanese Army occupied along a 2,000-mile front. You have no reason to feel superior because you are better fed or better armed.

Important Things to Remember

IF you were to talk to any American who has spent a lifetime in China, he would undoubtedly give you the following suggestions:

The Chinese will not bear any assumption of superiority on the part of a white man because he is white.

China herself has no color prejudice. She is prepared to treat every one on terms of human equality, and you cannot do better than approach China in the same spirit.

Discourage any one who acts as though the Chinese were queer. They are not. They live their way and we live ours. If you respect them, they will respect you.

Realize in advance that the Chinese, friendly and spontaneous as they are, have a few special likes and dislikes. They do not like to be touched. They don't like even to shake hands, although some of the modern ones have learned this form of salutation.

The Chinese like reserve with their women and gentleness with their children.

Try not to lose your temper. You will see plenty of Chinese lose theirs, but they are looked upon and look on themselves as lower class when they do so.

In a shop, it is better not to touch goods you do not intend to buy.

Unless you are very sure of your crowd, better not try to take pictures. In many parts of China there is a superstition that a photograph magically removes a person's soul.

If a mother shields her child with her hand or her apron as you go by, don't be offended. There is a saying that foreigners sometimes cast an evil shadow. Just smile and let it pass.

Bear in mind that many refined and well educated Chinese are today poor and underpaid. They have endured years of bitter hardship rather than submit to the Japanese yoke. Do not be too quick, therefore, in judging by appearances.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It? on Page 67

1. Christopher Morley.
2. Deems Taylor.
3. Shakespeare.
4. Pearl Buck.
5. Thomas Moore.

THE IRON HORSE COMES THROUGH

WHEN the full story of America's war effort is revealed it will tell of a battle fought early in the game and won . . . a crucial battle on which all others that followed depended.

It was a battle fought in the dark and the cold and the wet; a battle against time and nature and the elements, against the perversity of inanimate things; a battle by grim-eyed men in overalls which if lost would have lost the war.

We refer to the battle of transportation. A fight it was, and is. On top of swelling civilian needs there was imposed a grim struggle to move more and ever more coal, ores, chemicals, fibers, lumber, farm products, and all the manifold raw materials of industry into the factories; a ceaseless fight to move more and ever more guns, tanks, munitions, equipment, supplies, food, and all the paraphernalia of war out and to the waiting ships.

There were those among our heavy-thinking economists who said it couldn't be done; who, back in 1941, doubted the ability of the railroads to absorb and handle without breakdown the added traffic imposed by our then puny rearmament efforts. But since then war production has doubled and quadrupled. Civilian needs have expanded still further. Food production has boomed. The load on the Iron Horse has grown far beyond the point at which the experts thought he would break down.

The history of the railroads' struggle is a story of one crisis after another met and licked, one problem after another faced and solved, one burden after another shouldered and carried in stride.

On top of the vast increase in freight came the troop movements. Untold millions of men and their equipment moved from north to south, east to west, and back again. Millions of workers, with their families, migrated from city to city at the call of the war industries.

Off our east coast submarines attacked the tanker fleet that carried fuel oil and gasoline to the eastern states. Many ships were sunk and the rest forced into port. The railroads brought the stuff through.

The rubber crisis took cars and trucks off the roads by the thousands, and the loads they carried also were piled on the Iron Horse.

We don't know what the figures are on cars loaded and ton-miles carried. They must be right out of this world. Anyway, these are matters for economists and statisticians. But the householder in New England knows the railroads keep him from freezing, the farmer knows his produce goes to market, the business man knows his goods are delivered, the army knows its soldiers get to the camps and ships when they should be there.

In these war years Americans give thanks for the men, high and low, who possess the skill and know-how to wring from the Iron Horse the last crucial ton-mile of freight.

Liberty . . . FOR ALL

Paul Hunter

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

A MATTER OF MORALE

BY JIM KJELGAARD

IN the opinion of the editors, this story—first published in Liberty for October 24, 1942—was the best Short Short story printed in our magazine during 1942. To Jim Kjelgaard, its author, we have sent a bonus check of $1,000—for a stirring story with a timely message for all Americans. Because its message will continue to be timely, we take pride in reprinting Mr. Kjelgaard's story.

Other awards to authors of Short Shorts published in Liberty in 1942 are announced on page 6.

THERE were twenty on the second shift there in the screw-machine department at Saladay's. And nineteen of us hated the guts of Fred Cabey.

Everybody got the same base pay. But there was a piecework system by which we got paid more, according to how much we turned out. Most of the rates were good enough so that we could work about seven out of the ten hours and still turn in a hundred and fifteen per cent efficiency for all ten. That was tops; turn in any more than that and the rate was slashed—Saladay couldn't have us making too much.

But this Cabey was a hungry guy. He was at his machine with the starting whistle, and he worked himself into a lather until quitting time. A hundred and fifteen wasn't good enough for him, either; he had to have as much as he could get. So the rates were cut and all of us had to work as much as Cabey if we wanted any bonus at all. That's why we hated him.

I suppose that was the wrong way of looking at it. After all, there is a war on and Uncle Sam needs everything he can get. But we kind of got used to that idea as time went on. Maybe the seven-day schedule had something to do with it. We worked, went home and slept, got up and sat in the sun a couple of hours, and went back to Saladay's. Day in, day out, every day.

After awhile some of the big brains in the company got wise to the idea that a man isn't the same as a machine and started building up our morale. They plastered signs all over the place, "Remember Pearl Harbor," and "Saladay Workers Will Produce the Answer to Japanese Treachery."

It was the usual stuff, done in the usual unimaginative way, and nobody paid very much attention to it. Instead, we ganged up to make life miserable for Fred Cabey.

We never did anything criminal, not sabotage or anything like that. But Fred would be bending over his machine and an oil-soaked cloth would smack him in the back of the head. Or he would try to pick up his lunch bucket and it would be nailed to the bench. Just little tricks to make him see how we felt about his scabbing.

It was Joe Sanger who got the really big notion. We got a chain and two padlocks, and the idea was that somebody would go up and talk to Fred. Then Joe would crawl under the machines to Fred, pass one end of the chain around his leg and lock it there, and lock the other end to the machine. Tie him to his job, like the slave he was! It would take old hungry Cabey a while to cut himself out of that one! I was the guy who was supposed to keep Fred's attention while Joe did the chaining.

I walked up beside Fred. He was bent over his machine, as usual, and it wasn't until I was right beside him that I saw he was crying. That's a fact. He was bawling like a baby and nobody could see it because he always kept his head bent. I gaped at him.

"What's the matter with you?"

He straightened up and wiped his eyes with the back of one oily hand. "Go to hell!" he sobbed. "Go to hell, all of you!" He whirled and ran down to the washroom.

Then, because all of us had hated Fred too much to go near him or his machine, I saw something that I had never seen before. It was a letter, pasted on a piece of fiber board and lacquered over so oil wouldn't spoil it. Fred must have brought it to work with him and set it up so he could read it every night all night. The date on it was three weeks before Fred came to work at Saladay's, and it read:

Dear Mr. Cabey:

I'm not going to try to make this pretty. It isn't. Your son, George Cabey, died this morning out here on Bataan. Armed only with a bayonet, he attacked a Jap machine-gun concentration and got three of the crew before they killed him.

All I can say is that I am proud to have been his commanding officer. And I faithfully promise you that as soon as America gets rolling and supplies us with the armaments we need, we will extract full payment for your son and all the others who have died and will die.

Sincerely,

JOHN P. CRAWFORD,
Captain in Command.

When Fred came back I heard a little sound, and knew that Joe Sanger was dropping the chain and padlock back into the box where they belonged. But you couldn't hear that very well because nineteen busy machines make a lot of noise.

THE END

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